

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

## Contents for April, 1924.

The rights of translation and reproduction in the contents of this number are strictly reserved.

	Page
FRONTISPIECE	
PADRAIC COLUM. FROM A PAINTING BY ESTELLA SOLOMONS	
NOTES OF THE MONTH .. .. .	785
GOING INTO EXILE. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY .. .. .	789
FÊTE PROVENCALE. By CHRISTINE MAJOLIER .. .. .	797
THREE POEMS. By A. J. C. BROWN .. .. .	801
OF PLAYWRIGHTS AND PLAYERS. By PIERROT .. .. .	803
CHARLES V. LAMB, A.R.H.A., PAINTER. By GEORGE ATKINSON (ILLUSTRATION) .. .. .	807
BARD AND PATRON. By THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR ..	809
PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By G. L. BROCKHURST .. .. .	813
HER DOWRY. A PLAY. By D. L. KELLEHER .. .. .	815
A NOTE ON HAWAIIAN POETRY. By PADRAIC COLUM .. ..	822
SONATA. By ROBERT PRICE .. .. .	827
THE GOLDEN PIPER. AFTER A WOOD-CUT BY W. G. RAFFE ..	835
CATULLUS XCVIII. TRANSLATED INTO IRISH. BY PADRAIC COLUM	
brún .. .. .	837
BOOK CATALOGUES .. .. .	838
BOOK REVIEWS .. .. .	842

---

The Editor of "The Dublin Magazine" will be pleased to consider MSS., if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility, however, is accepted for MSS. submitted.

All MSS. should be typewritten, and addressed to The Editor, "The Dublin Magazine," 2-5 Wellington Quay, Dublin.

---

The Subscription Rate for "The Dublin Magazine" is 14s. 6d. per annum, post free, to any address.

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Publisher, "The Dublin Magazine," 2-5 Wellington Quay, Dublin.

---

Advertisement copy, and all communications relating to the advertisement pages, should be sent to the Advertisement Manager, "The Dublin Magazine," 2-5 Wellington Quay, Dublin, to whom applications for Rates should be made.

Some of the originals of the drawings in "The Dublin Magazine" are for sale. Terms on application.

London Agents—"The London Mercury," Castle Court,  
Poppin's Court, London, E.C., 14.

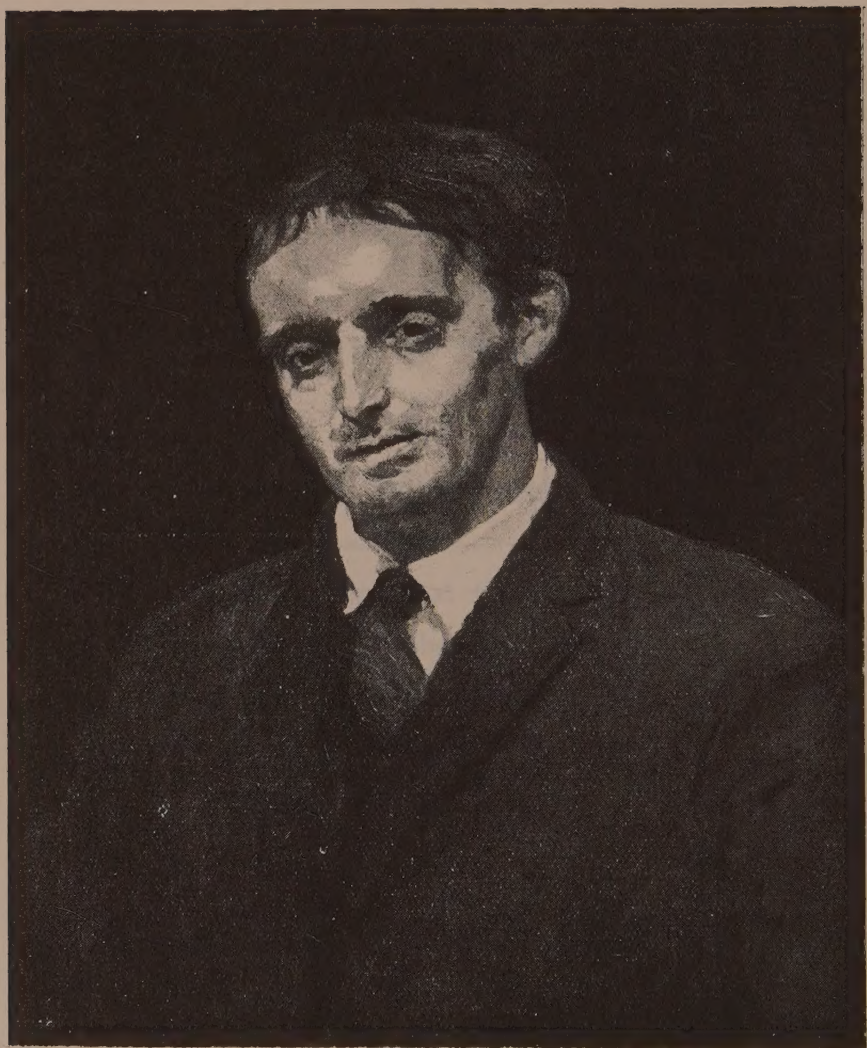
## Dublin Magazine.

---

A few copies of the August,  
September and October Numbers of  
the Dublin Magazine can still be  
obtained direct from the Publishers,  
2-5 Wellington Quay.







PADRAIC COLUM.

*From a Painting*

By

ESTELLA SOLOMONS.

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

*Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.*

---

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1924.

No. 9.

---

## Notes of the Month.

Mr. Lennox Robinson has published in the *Irish Statesman* some comments on our modern novels. Is he right in saying that the future student of Irish social history will be able to re-create the Dublin of our generation out of such fiction as *Changing Winds*? Is it true that Dublin has been over-described, and that our novelists must now turn to the country towns and provinces, where, awaiting their attention, there is an abundance of social material such as would have delighted Balzac? The novels Mr. Robinson has in mind are best described as topical fiction; and it is curious that he should not mention G. A. Bermingham, who set the ball rolling in that direction many years ago with *The Seething Pot*, and more curious still that he should put the work of Mr. Ervine in the same category as that of Mr. Joyce. As he says, we know the formula, and are no longer amused: the six distinguished "real people" who appear in these books; (we will add) the account (if the novelist wrote after 1916) of a rebellion; the hero's political doubt, rather resembling the religious doubt of a person in the works of the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward; the substitution of Ireland for the heroine of flesh and blood in an accustomed romance.

\* \* \* \* \*

A topical novel about Ireland in which Dublin did not appear would resemble Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Of course, what Mr. Robinson wants is the social, objective novel about the provinces. He alludes to the curiously varied society of which he carries a memory from his boyhood in Kinsale: a native population, a military set, an evangelical set, fishermen from Brittany and Scotland. But the social, objective novel need not be of necessity topical; the general life of Dublin has not been over-described by our novelists, quite the contrary, but we have had a surfeit of stories about Dublin centred in public events and public ideals. It is as if the people of Dublin had no distinctive character apart from what they may indicate in their attitude to the British Empire, or Sinn Féin or the Gaelic League. We get no glimpse in a novel like *Changing Winds* of the way Dublin amuses itself, or conducts its normal business. Our moneyed class (subtly differentiated within itself, according to religion and education), our sporting set, our academic society, our poor, have been almost totally neglected by our topical story tellers. In this respect the countryside has been better served than the capital, thanks to the Misses Somerville and Ross and one or two other writers. In Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses* the Dublin panorama is extended widely enough in all conscience; but the author's angle of vision is highly individual.



Miss Jacob, describing herself as a secret novelist, follows Mr. Robinson's article with a critical letter. She says that what we want are not pictures of local life and manners, but imaginative and interesting revelations of human souls. But this is really a complaint that we have not produced a contemporary novelist of genius: a Dostoevsky or a Proust. Some of us would make an exception of Mr. Joyce; in his *Ulysses*, the Irish accessories are obtrusive and various, but Bloom is drawn for his own sweet sake, not for the "sociological facts" which his peregrinations happen to illustrate. Miss Jacob's fancy is for the work of Mr. Forrest Reid, whose novels are truly imaginative, and depend wholly for their interest on the study of character. She says that in his case local peculiarities are treated merely as background. But, in fact, Mr. Reid's novels have no local background; and the persons of his stories might well live in the environs of London or Manchester, instead of in the North of Ireland, as nominally they do.

\* \* \* \* \*

England has had a Shakesperian crisis. The failure of *Twelfth Night* at the Kingsway Theatre has caused the *Daily News* and other English newspapers to start an enquiry as to the best way in which England's greatest poet may be advertised. At the same time the Shell and another English oil company have agreed to abandon the practice of disfiguring with their hoardings the fields along the railways and main roads of the country. Whether the Society for the Protection of Landscapes objects so much to the signboards themselves as to the nature of the goods advertised thereon is not clear; it is possible that Lord Dunsany and other sensitive aesthetes of the Society would allow a merit in advertising Shakespeare—and, perhaps, also some living poetic dramatists—even by bills on the green fields. The possibilities are considerable. Instead of "BOVRIL. London, 25 miles," the incoming traveller would read in large letters on the flying landscape the word MACBETH. And a little further on the explanatory sub-title of Shakespeare's tragedy, "WAS THE WOMAN TO BLAME? London, 24 miles."

These questions do not touch us very closely in Ireland, where advertising methods lag behind the times. Guinness is not announced on the prairies of Meath, and as for our vendors of intellectual wares, they are as staid and conservative as a Macmillan or a Murray. The imagination of our industrialists does not extend further than the mild exploitation of patriotism or the Irish language. Some years ago an Irish publisher thought of advertising a new novel on the sandwich-boards. This was a book called *Dan the Dollar*, by the excellent author, Mr. Shan Bullock. Most people supposed that a new sticky-back photographer had come to Dublin, and the book sold exactly the same number of copies as it would have done without the intervention of the sandwich-men. The experiment was not repeated. Concurrently, however, with the English propaganda for the abolition of commercialism from the landscape, comes a suggestion which might later on be adopted pleasantly in this country. Why not turn the waiting-rooms of the big railway termini into art galleries? A splendid opportunity will occur when our railways are unified and have, as they should, one common terminus. Amiens Street, Kingsbridge, and Broadstone are rather out of the way, and Harcourt Street Station is scarcely prepared for the reception of works of art.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are not many book lovers in Ireland; and the late Mr. Waldron, of Killiney, was one of the few who could really indulge his taste. His fine library

is not to be dispersed. Though his century, so far as literature was concerned, was the eighteenth, he bought every kind of book, except the scientific and purely philosophical. He condemned the modern Irish poets very impetuously, but he had most of their first editions, and affected a sceptical amusement when told of the prices these fetched with collectors. When, however, Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist* appeared, he began to take Young Ireland more seriously. He also greatly admired the writing of Arthur Griffith, though probably no one was more surprised when Griffith achieved political importance. He was a member of the Board of the National Library, and enormously enjoyed his position there between the high-brow party led by the late T. W. Lyster on the one side and the Philistines on the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

There has been considerable discussion lately in various newspapers and publications respecting American literature. It was apparently started by a sweeping statement by Mr. Hilaire Beloc to the effect that there is no such thing as modern American literature of the first order. He wrote as follows: "Pretty well any English critic will tell you that American literature has died out. . . . It is not true—judged by any permanent literary standard—that modern America has yet produced any great leading names or work which is likely to prove permanent."

\* \* \* \* \*

This opinion was confirmed, as regards novelists, by Mr. Theodore Dresier, who, writing in *The New York Times*, said: "But who are the reigning American novelists of to-day? H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan. Yes, American! We have no respect for ourselves, for our own thoughts. We have to follow in the footsteps of those who know."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the cry arose that all the modern American novelist could do was to re-echo the sentiments and thoughts of English writers. Naturally this was not allowed to go unchallenged. Professor Leonard Doughty proclaimed with much fervour that every trace of the influence of English literature had been lost, and that their writers were completely in the grip of Continental methods. Mr. Sinclair Lewis in *The Weekly Westminster* corroborates this statement, and gives a list of names in illustration, as follows: Cabell, Brooks, Van Vechten, Lewisohn, Van Daren, Hansen, Mencken, Wilson, Rascoe, Rosenfeld, Elinor Wylie, Waldo Frank, Eugene O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson, Evelyn Scott, Thyra Winslow, Ruth Suckow, Fannie Hurst, Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa M. Cather. On all these, he states, there has been "vastly more Continental than British influence."

\* \* \* \* \*

The degree and quality of Dublin's musical culture can be fairly gauged by the meagre attendance at the St. Ultan's Chamber Music Concerts. Here we get first-class music given by really competent performers, and never more than a mere handful of listeners. One does not expect the populace to crowd to these concerts; but surely there ought to be more than a room full of people in Dublin available once a month or so to hear some of the best modern chamber music rendered with the skill and insight of true musicians? A centre like this is one of the best means of propagating a genuine art culture. If we are to



emerge from the ruck of commonplace sentiments in art such efforts as these must be supported. How one longs for a band of disciples to preach, with the burning fervour of experience, the joy of being able to appreciate such performances as these. We must rouse the dead soul of Dublin in musical matters, and save it from the lure of attending concerts for the sake of big names or social prestige.

\* \* \* \* \*

St. Ultan's last concert was a miracle of radiating wonder and beauty. Very nearly all the noble emotions humanity could possibly conceive were packed into the two instrumental items of the programme—the Quintet in F minor by Cesar Franck, and the Quartet Op. 26 by Brahms. Reverence, awe, devotion, love, joy, sorrow, and aspiration followed one another in successive waves of ecstatic power. For music deals with primal emotions and brings us very close to the fount of being. And in the wake of authentic emotion there always comes the uplift of the note of redemption and atonement. In other words, music charges us full tilt against the central heart of theology. It does not oust theology. It explains and reinforces it, and brings it down to the comprehension of normal minds. The unseen ecstasy of the saint, the hidden vision of the seer, cannot find better earthly expression than through the medium of music. Words are cold and formal and difficult to charge with the radiance of “the light that never was on sea or land.” The fabric of tone refracts divinity easily, and is responsive to its feeblest touch.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of Dublin's most notable young pianists is Miss Rhoda Coghill. She gave a fine rendering of Schumann's “Fantasiestücke” at a recent concert. In technique she is admirably equipped, and her temperament never allows her to get out of the region of calm control. Her own nature is not yet fully developed, but it is amazing what aspects music reveals when it is played faithfully by a competent performer. The last movement of the “Fantasiestücke” was a triumph for Miss Coghill, because it was played faithfully and without any straining for a personal interpretation. And one heard Schumann's aspiration towards all that is noble and heroic, that ends in the poignant, and, indeed, unwarranted, confession of failure and despair, played with a certitude and confidence that revealed the soul of the composer. At the same concert she played, with Miss Petite O'Hara in the violin part, Debussy's Sonata in G Minor. This item from one of the leading composers of the day was very attractive to those interested in modern musical developments, and in it Miss O'Hara showed an admirable understanding of this new music, and played it with great ability in a remarkably convincing manner. We should be proud to have in Dublin, as products of our native musical culture, two such distinguished artists.



# Going into Exile.

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

PATRICK FEENEY'S cabin was crowded with people. In the large kitchen men, women, and children lined the walls, three deep in places, sitting on forms, chairs, stools, and on one another's knees. On the cement floor three couples were dancing a jig and raising a quantity of dust, which was, however, soon sucked up the chimney by the huge turf fire that blazed on the hearth. The only clear space in the kitchen was the corner to the left of the fireplace, where Pat Mullaney sat on a yellow chair, with his right ankle resting on his left knee, a spotted red handkerchief on his head that reeked with perspiration, and his red face contorting as he played a tattered old accordeon. One door was shut, and the tins hanging on it gleamed in the firelight. The opposite door was open, and over the heads of the small boys that crowded in it and outside it, peering in at the dancing couples in the kitchen, a starry June sky was visible, and beneath the sky, shadowy grey crags and misty, whitish fields lay motionless, still and sombre. There was a deep, calm silence outside the cabin and within the cabin; in spite of the music and dancing in the kitchen and the singing in the little room to the left, where Patrick Feeney's eldest son, Michael, sat on the bed with three other young men, there was a haunting melancholy in the air.

The people were dancing, laughing, and singing with a certain forced and boisterous gaiety that failed to hide from them the real cause of their being there, dancing, singing and laughing. For the dance was on account of Patrick Feeney's two children, Mary and Michael, who were going to the United States on the following morning.

Feeney himself, a black-bearded, red-faced, middle-aged peasant, with white ivory buttons on his blue frieze shirt, and his hands stuck in his leather waist belt, wandered restlessly about the kitchen, urging the people to sing and dance, while his mind was in agony all the time, thinking that on the following day he would lose his two eldest children, never to see them again perhaps. He kept talking to everybody about amusing things, shouted at the dancers, and behaved in a boisterous and abandoned manner. But every now and then he had to leave the kitchen, under the pretence of going to the pigsty to look at a young pig that was supposed to be ill. He would stand, however, upright against his gable and look gloomily at some star or other, while his mind struggled with vague and peculiar ideas that wandered about in it. He could make nothing at all of his thoughts, but a lump always came up his throat, and he shivered, although the night was warm.

Then he would sigh, and say, with a contraction of his neck: "Oh, it's a queer world this, and no doubt about it. So it is." Then he would go back to the cabin again and begin to urge on the dance, laughing, shouting, and stamping on the floor.

Towards dawn, when the floor was crowded with couples, arranged in fours, stamping on the floor and going to and fro, dancing the "Walls of Limerick," Feeney was going out to the gable, when his son Michael followed him out. The two of them walked side by side about the yard over the grey sea pebbles that had been strewn there the previous day. They walked in silence and yawned without need, pretending to be taking the air. But each of them was very excited. Michael was taller than his father and not so thickly built, but the shabby blue serge suit that he had bought for going to America was too narrow for his broad shoulders and the coat was too wide around the waist. He moved clumsily in it, and his hands appeared altogether too bony and big and red, and he didn't know what to do with them. During his twenty-one years of life he had never worn anything other than the homespun clothes of Inverara, and the shop-made clothes appeared as strange to him and as uncomfortable as a dress suit worn by a man working in a sewer. His face was flushed a bright red and his blue eyes shone with excitement. Now and again he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the lining of his grey tweed cap.

At last Patrick Feeney reached his usual position at the gable end. He halted, balanced himself on his heels, with his hands in his waist belt, coughed, and said: "It's going to be a warm day." The son came up beside him, folded his arms, and leaned his right shoulder against the gable.

"It was kind of Uncle Ned to lend the money for the dance, father," he said. "I'd hate to think that we'd have to go without something or other, just the same as everybody else has. I'll send you that money the very first money I earn, father . . . even before I pay Aunt Mary for my passage money. I should have all that money paid off in four months, and then I'll have some more money to send you by Christmas."

And Michael felt very strong and manly recounting what he was going to do when he got to Boston, Massachusetts. He told himself that with his great strength he would earn a great deal of money. Conscious of his youth and his strength, and lusting for adventurous life, for the moment he forgot the ache in his heart that the thought of leaving his father inspired in him.

The father was silent for some time. He was looking at the sky, with his lower lip hanging, thinking of nothing. At last he sighed as a memory struck him.

"What is it?" said the son. "Don't weaken, for God's sake. You will only make it hard for me."

"Fooh," said the father suddenly, with pretended gruffness. "Who is weakening? I'm afraid that your new clothes make you impudent." Then he was silent for a moment, and continued in a low voice: "I was thinking of that potato field you sowed alone last spring, the time I had the influenza. I never set eyes on the man that could do it better. It's a cruel world that takes you away from the land that God made for you."



"Oh, what are you talking about, father?" said Michael irritably. "Sure what did anybody ever get out of the land but poverty and hard work and potatoes and salt?"

"Ah, yes," said the father, with a sigh, "but it's your own; in the land over there"—he waved his hand at the western sky—"you'll be giving your sweat to some other man's land, or what's equal to it."

"Indeed," muttered Michael, looking at the ground with a melancholy expression in his eyes, "it's poor encouragement you are giving me."

They stood in silence fully five minutes. Each hungered to embrace the other, to cry, to beat the air, to scream with excess of sorrow. But they stood silent and sombre, like nature about them, hugging their woe. Then they went back to the cabin. Michael went into the little room to the left of the kitchen, to the three young men who had fished in the same curragh with him and were his bosom friends. The father walked into the large bedroom to the right of the kitchen.

The bedroom was also crowded with people. A large table was laid for tea in the centre of the room, and about a dozen young men were sitting at it, drinking tea and eating buttered raisin cake. Mrs. Feeney was bustling about the table, serving the food and urging them to eat. She was assisted by her two younger daughters and by another woman, a relative of her own. Her eldest daughter, Mary, who was going to the United States that day, was sitting on the edge of the bed with several other young women. The bed was a large four-poster one, with a deal canopy over it painted red, and the young women were huddled together on it. So that there must have been about a dozen of them there. They were Mary Feeney's particular friends, and they stayed with her in that uncomfortable position just to show how much they liked her. It was a custom.

Mary herself sat on the edge of the bed with her legs dangling. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl of nineteen, with dimpled, plump, red cheeks and ruminative brown eyes that seemed to cause little wrinkles to come and go in her little low forehead. Her nose was soft and small and rounded. Her mouth was small, and the lips were red and open. Beneath her white blouse that was frilled at the neck, and her navy blue skirt that outlined her limbs as she sat on the edge of the bed, her body was plump, soft, well-moulded, and in some manner exuded a feeling of freshness and innocence. So that she seemed to have been born to be fondled and admired in luxurious surroundings, instead of having been born a peasant's daughter, who had to go to the United States that day to work as a servant or maybe in a factory.

And as she sat on the edge of the bed crushing her little handkerchief between her palms, she kept thinking feverishly of the United States, at one moment with fear and loathing, at the next with desire and longing. Unlike her brother, she did not think of the work she was going to do or the money that she was going to earn. Other things troubled her, things of which she was half-ashamed, half-afraid—thoughts of love and

of foreign men, and of clothes, and of houses where there were more than three rooms, and where people ate meat every day. She was fond of life, and several young men among the local gentry had admired her in Inverara. But . . .

She happened to look up and she caught her father's eyes as he stood silently by the window with his hands stuck in his waist belt. His eyes rested on her's for a moment, and then he dropped them without smiling, and with his lips compressed he walked down into the kitchen. She shuddered slightly. She was a little afraid of her father, although she knew that he loved her very much, and he was very kind to her. But the winter before he had whipped her with a dried willow rod, when he caught her one evening behind Tim Hernon's cabin after nightfall, with Tim Hernon's son Bartly's arms around her waist and he kissing her. Ever since she always shivered slightly when her father touched her or spoke to her.

"Oho," said an old peasant who sat at the table with a saucer full of tea in his hand, and his grey flannel shirt open at his thin, hairy, wrinkled neck. "Oho, indeed, but its a disgrace to the island of Inverara to let such a beautiful woman as your daughter go away, Mrs. Feeney. If I were a young man, I'd be flayed alive if I'd let her go."

There was a laugh, and some of the women on the bed said : "Bad cess to you, Patsy Coyne, if you haven't too much impudence it's a caution. But the laugh soon died. The young men sitting at the table felt embarrassed, and kept looking at one another sheepishly, as if each tried to find out if the others were in love with Mary Feeney.

"Oh, well, God is good," said Mrs. Feeney, as she wiped her lips with the tip of her bright, clean, check apron. "What will be must be, and sure there is hope from the sea, but there is no hope from the grave. It is sad, and the poor have to suffer, but . . ." Mrs. Feeney stopped suddenly, aware that all these platitudes meant nothing whatsoever. Like her husband, she was unable to think intelligibly about her two children going away. Whenever the reality of their going away, maybe for ever, three thousand miles into a vast unknown world, came before her mind, it seemed that a thin bar of some hard metal thrust itself forward from her brain and rested behind the wall of her forehead. So that almost immediately she became stupidly conscious of the pain caused by the imaginary bar of metal, and she forgot the dread prospect of her children going away. But her mind grappled with the things about her busily and efficiently, with the preparation of food, with the entertaining of her guests, with the numerous little things that have to be done in a house where there is a party, and which only a woman can do properly. These little things, in a manner, saved her, for the moment at least, from bursting into tears whenever she looked at her daughter and whenever she thought of her son, whom she loved most of all her children, because, perhaps, she nearly died giving birth to him, and he had been very delicate until he was twelve years old. So she laughed down in her breast a funny laugh she had that made her heave, where her check apron rose out from



the waist band in a deep curve. "A person begins to talk," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders sideways, "and then a person says foolish things."

"That's true," said the old peasant, noisily pouring more tea from his cup to his saucer.

But Mary knew by her mother laughing that way that she was very near being hysterical. She always laughed that way before she had one of her fits of hysterics. And Mary's heart stopped beating suddenly, and then began again at an awful rate as her eyes became acutely conscious of her mother's body, the rotund, short body, with the wonderful mass of fair hair growing grey at the temples, and the fair face with the soft liquid brown eyes, that grew hard and piercing for a moment as they looked at a thing and then grew soft and liquid again, and the thin-lipped small mouth with the beautiful white teeth, and the deep perpendicular grooves in the upper lip, and the tremor that always came in the corner of the mouth, with love, when she looked at her children. Mary became acutely conscious of all these little points, as well as of the little black spot that was on her left breast below the nipple, and the swelling that came now and again in her legs and caused her to have hysterics, and would one day cause her death. And she was stricken with horror at the thought of leaving her mother and at the selfishness of her thoughts. She had never been prone to thinking of anything important, but now, somehow for a moment, she had a glimpse of her mother's life that made her shiver and hate herself as a cruel, heartless, lazy, selfish wretch. Her mother's life loomed up before her eyes, a life of continual misery and suffering, hard work, birth pangs, sickness, and again hard work and hunger and anxiety. It loomed up and then it fled again, a little mist came before her eyes, and she jumped down from the bed, with the jaunty twirl of her head that was her habit when she set her body in motion.

"Sit down for a while, mother," she whispered, toying with one of the black ivory buttons on her mother's brown bodice. "I'll look after the table."

"No, no," murmured the mother, with a shake of her whole body, "I'm not a bit tired. Sit down, my treasure. You have a long way to travel to-day."

And Mary sighed, and went back to the bed again.

At last somebody said: "It's broad daylight." And immediately everybody looked out and said: "So it is, and may God be praised." The change from the starry night to the grey, sharp dawn was hard to notice until it had arrived. People looked out and saw the morning light sneaking over the crags silently, along the ground, pushing the mist banks upwards. The stars were growing dim. A long way off invisible sparrows were chirping in their ivied perch in some distant hill or other. Another day had arrived, and even as the people looked at it, yawned, and began to search for their hats, caps, and shawls, preparing to go home, the day grew and spread its light and made things move and

give voice. Cocks crew, blackbirds carolled, a dog let loose from a cabin by an early riser chased madly after an imaginary robber, barking as if his tail were on fire. The people said good-bye and began to stream forth from Feeneys' cabin. They were going to their homes to see to the morning's work before going to Kilmurragh to see the emigrants off on the steamer to the mainland. Soon the cabin was empty except for the family.

All the family gathered into the kitchen and stood about for some minutes talking sleepily of the dance and of the people who had been present. Mrs. Feeney tried to persuade everybody to go to bed, but everybody refused. It was four o'clock, and Michael and Mary would have to set out for Kilmurragh at nine. So tea was made, and they all sat about for an hour drinking it and eating raisin cake and talking. They only talked of the dance and of the people who had been present.

There were eight of them there, the father and mother and six children. The youngest child was Thomas, a thin boy of twelve, whose lungs made a singing sound every time he breathed. The next was Bridget, a girl of fourteen, with dancing eyes and a habit of shaking her short golden curls every now and then for no apparent reason. Then there were the twins, Julia and Margaret, quiet, rather stupid, flat-faced girls of sixteen. Both their upper front teeth protruded slightly, and they were both great workers and very obedient to their mother. They were all sitting at the table, having just finished a third large pot of tea, when suddenly the mother hastily gulped down the remainder of the tea in her cup, dropped the cup with a clatter to her saucer, and sobbed once through her nose.

"Now, mother," said Michael sternly, "what's the good of this work?"

"No, you are right; my pulse," she replied quietly. "Only I was just thinking how nice it is to sit here surrounded by all my children, all my little birds in my nest, and then two of them going to fly away made me sad." And she laughed, pretending to treat it as a foolish joke.

"Oh, that be damned for a story," said the father, wiping his mouth on his sleeve; "there's work to be done. You, Julia, go and get the horse; Margaret, you milk the cow, and see that you give enough milk to the calf this morning." And he ordered everybody about as if it were an ordinary day of work.

But Michael and Mary had nothing to do, and they sat about, miserably conscious that they had cut adrift from the routine of their home life. They no longer had any place in it. In a few hours they would be homeless wanderers. Now that they were cut adrift from it, the poverty and sordidness of their home life appeared to them under the aspect of comfort and plenty.

So the morning passed until breakfast time at seven o'clock. The morning's work was finished, and the family was gathered together again. The meal passed in a dead silence. Drowsy after the sleepless night, and conscious that the parting would come in a few hours, nobody wanted



to talk. Everybody had an egg for breakfast in honour of the occasion. Mrs. Feeney, after her usual habit, tried to give her egg first to Michael, then to Mary, and as each refused it, she ate a little herself and gave the remainder to little Thomas who had the singing in his chest. Then the breakfast table was cleared away. The father went to put the creels on the mare so as to take the luggage into Kilmurrage. Michael and Mary got the luggage ready and began to get dressed. The mother and the other children tidied up the house. People from the village began to come into the kitchen, as was customary, in order to accompany the emigrants from their home to Kilmurrage.

At last everything was ready. Mrs. Feeney had exhausted all excuses for moving about, engaged on trivial tasks. She had to go into the big bedroom where Mary was putting on her new hat. The mother sat on a chair by the window, her face contorting on account of the flood of tears she was keeping back. Michael moved about the room uneasily, his two hands knotting a big red handkerchief behind his back. Mary twisted about in front of the mirror that hung over the black wooden mantelpiece. She was spending a long time with the hat. It was the first one she had ever worn, but it fitted her beautifully, and it was in excellent taste. It was given to her by the schoolmistress, who was very fond of her, and she herself had taken it in a little. She had an instinct for beauty in dress and deportment.

But the mother, looking at how well her daughter wore the cheap navy blue costume and the white frilled blouse and the little round black hat, with a fat, fluffy, glossy, curl covering each ear, and the black silk stockings with blue clocks in them, and the little black shoes that had laces of three colours in them, got suddenly enraged with . . . She didn't know with what she got enraged. But for the moment she hated her daughter's beauty, and she remembered all the anguish of giving birth to her, and nursing her, and toiling for her, for no other purpose than to lose her now and let her go away, maybe to be ravished wantonly because of her beauty and her love of gaiety. A cloud of mad jealousy and hatred against this impersonal beauty that she saw in her daughter almost suffocated the mother, and she stretched out her hands in front of her unconsciously, and then just as suddenly her anger vanished like a puff of smoke, and she burst into wild tears, wailing: "My children, oh, my children, far over the sea you will be carried from me, your mother." And she began to rock herself, and she threw her apron over her head.

Immediately the cabin was full of the sound of bitter wailing. A dismal cry rose from the women gathered in the kitchen. "Far over the sea they will be carried," began woman after woman, and they all rocked themselves and hid their heads in their aprons. Michael's mongrel dog began to howl on the hearth. Little Thomas sat down on the hearth beside the dog, and putting his arms around him, he began to cry, although he didn't know exactly why he was crying, but he felt melancholy on account of the dog howling and so many people being about.

In the bedroom the son and daughter, on their knees, clung to their mother, who held their heads between her hands and rained kisses on both heads ravenously. After the first wave of tears she had stopped weeping. The tears still ran down her cheeks, but her eyes gleamed, and they were dry. There was a fierce look in them as she searched all over the heads of her two children with them, with her brows contracted, searching with a fierce terror-stricken expression, as if by the intensity of her stare she hoped to keep a living photograph of them before her mind. When her quivering lips she made a queer sound like "im-m-m-m," and she kept kissing. Her right hand clutched at Mary's left shoulder and with her left she fondled the back of Michael's neck. The two children were sobbing freely. They must have stayed that way a quarter of an hour.

Then the father came into the room, dressed in his best clothes. He wore a new frieze waistcoat, with a grey and black front and a white back. He held his soft black felt hat in one hand, and in the other he had a bottle of holy water. He coughed and said in a weak, gentle voice that was strange to him, as he touched his son: "Come now, it is time."

Mary and Michael got to their feet. The father sprinkled them with holy water, and they crossed themselves. Then, without looking at their mother, who lay in the chair with her hands clasped on her lap, looking at the ground in a silent tearless stupor, they left the room. Each hurriedly kissed little Thomas, who was not going to Kilmurrage, and then, hand in hand, they left the house. As Michael was going out the door he picked a piece of loose whitewash from the wall and put it in his pocket. The people filed out after them, down the yard and on to the road, like a funeral procession. The mother was left in the house with little Thomas and two old peasant women from the village. Nobody spoke in the cabin for a long time.

Then the mother rose and came into the kitchen. She looked at the two women, at her little son, and at the hearth, as if she were looking for something she had lost. Then she threw her hands into the air and ran out into the yard.

"Come back," she screamed, "come back to me."

She looked wildly down the road with dilated nostrils, her bosom heaving. But there was nobody in sight. Nobody replied. There was a crooked stretch of limestone road, surrounded by grey crags that were scorched by the sun. The road ended in a hill and then dropped out of sight. The hot June day was silent. Listening foolishly for an answering cry, the mother imagined she could hear the crags simmering under the hot rays of the sun. It was something in her head that was singing.

The two old women led her back into the kitchen.

"There is nothing that time will not cure," said one.

"Yes. Time and patience," said the other.



# Fête Provençale.

By CHRISTINE MAJOLIER.

**A**LONG the white roads towards the Camargue and the sea come the gipsies in fidelity and song. In their caravans, at the gaily-curtained windows, they sit as they ride through the heat and dust, pressing in their numbers to the fête of the Saintes Maries, held in that remote village named after them.

Legend has it that these Saints, Mary, Mother of James, Mary Salomé, Mary Magdalene, accompanied by Sarah, their faithful servant, and Lazarus, sent adrift in a rudderless bark, landed, by the Grace of God and the fair winds of Heaven, on this particular coast of Provence. Wild and desolate was it then ; hardly less desolate and wild is it now, for the few houses and the fortress-church (a very curious twelfth-century edification) stand lonely among the marshes, and the great plain of the Camargue stretches behind them, windswept and sun-scorched, the dwelling-place of bulls and of the little wild horses, with their untrimmed manes and long, long tails. Here the Maries came, lived and died, except for Mary Magdalene, who travelled further inland and made the Sainte Baume fragrant with her memory, and here under the yellow sand and coarse grass they lay in semi-obscurity until the Good King René ordered their bones to be exhumed, probably for the purpose of verifying an accredited rumour and when satisfied as to their existence made of his legitimate and laudable curiosity a new pilgrimage. For since then the relics of the Maries and those of the dark virgin, Sarah, tenderly and reverently enclosed in a great châsse, have been each year the scene of a great gathering of the faithful and the profane.

Gipsies, burning with ardour and belief, bring their sorrows or their thanksgiving, to the shrine of Sarah, who in her little low-roofed crypt beneath the chapel of her mistresses, Marie Jacobé and Marie Salomé, welcomes the devotion and listens to the petitions of her people, endowing with a strange dignity the queer, pathetic objects offered to her. On the shrine before her lie men's caps, greasy with age, although no doubt valuable in their owners' eyes since they make presents of them to their Saint ; a child's toy, a baby's sock, sticks and little pictures, and even a beer-bottle, symbol, perhaps, of renunciation. In the shadow sit the pilgrims, suppliant and restless ; the women's robes, scarlet, amber, and purple, brought into relief by the delicate light of the many candles set about the altar.

In the chapel of the Maries the atmosphere is somewhat different. The intense, the suffering adoration is absent. All is more joyful and more familiar, if less intimate. For the true Provençal is the equal of any saint. He is as friendly and cheerful with the two Maries as he is with his own aged and venerable relations. He has come to sing and to shout and to clap his hands in token of his appreciation of the miraculous powers and many virtues of his chosen patroness. He has a great belief in her efficacy and willingness to work miracles for him, but, save in isolated cases, he does not ask too much of her in case he might be disappointed; thus discrediting himself in his own opinion, and, worse still, in that of his neighbours, for to have come so many miles under the blazing skies, and in a tightly-packed company of pilgrims ready to lavish money on wax candles and to cry with more fervour than anybody else, "Vivent les Saintes Maries," it is humiliating to discover the preference of Marie Jacobé or Marie Salomé for some pilgrim far less deserving than himself.

In the church he is quite at home, for has he not paid for his chair, and rarely does he miss a year? He brings his bag, stows it under his seat, and should there be any great delay in the beginning of the service; he has ham and garlic and saucisson in reserve. As he eats he watches the gipsies as they go slowly up the aisle, bent beneath the weight of the huge candles they bring (designed to burn a year), and that must be borne by two men, so heavy are they, offerings to the Maries so beloved of the gipsy Sarah. They are followed by their eager bare-foot, bare-headed children, who push and scramble to get there first. Other pilgrims follow, secret, sincere, or else noisily devotional, carrying each their candle, ephemeral emissary of an eternal desire.

Presently the priests come, dignified and austere, closely guarding their Bishop, a man full of years and understanding, and the pilgrims in concert rise and with a mighty shout, "Vive Monseigneur. Vivent les Saintes Maries," herald their appearance.

Afterwards it is pandemonium. Who can quell the religious fervour or the joy of living in the Provençal? In vain the priests signal for peace, in vain do they raise a voice of protest. It is lost in the deep delirious exultation of the pilgrims, until suddenly a choir of singers more powerful than the others breaks through the tumult, and all join in with the ever-recurring and popular chant of which the refrain is "Provençaux et Catholiques."

The singing, nasal and vigorous, swells to the roof, intermingled with the passionate enthusiasm of a section of the gathering who one after the other take up the cry, "Vivent les Saintes Maries," and with this cry still on their lips surge in a mighty rush to the church door, where the Saints, grave-eyed and serene in their little bark, are borne aloft by willing hands to go in triumphant procession to the sea, so that they may bless



the waters that brought them so miraculously to harbour. But all the same, they do not adventure again upon the sea, but stay on the shore, regarding benignly the priests in scarlet and gold vestments, who with many misgivings entrust themselves with infinite precaution to the fragile protection of a small fishing boat, one which rocks perilously as Monseigneur, rising to his feet, gives his solemn benediction to the untroubled waters.

This ordeal over, the procession forms once more, each band of pilgrims proudly waving the banner of their particular town, while a priest offers the sacred relic to the believers. They crowd to kiss it pushing and scrambling for the privilege, heedless of the frequent unmalicious blows they receive from the impatient crowd, and quite careless of the sun that pours down mercilessly upon them.

Noontide brings no respite, for after their midday meal there are the delightful booths to visit and the mementoes to buy ; the blue and white plaster models of the Saints kneeling in their bark, figurines of Joan of Arc and the Virgin Mary, beside the many profanities that abound, gaudy fans, silk geraniums in earthenware pots, over-ripe fruit, sticky sweet-meats, and the vulgar paper joys beloved of little boys.

There are also the Arlésiennes to watch and comment upon. Not the simple Arlésienne of the town of Arles in her severe black and white dress, but those Arlésiennes *de coeur*, if not always of blood, who in honour and admiration of the Great Master, Mistral, come every year clad in beauty and soft raiment. Their gowns, fashioned or often maybe authentic of a bygone age hold all the poetry of the South in their folds. Dark-eyed, slender-limbed girls, they pass laughing on the arms of their cavaliers who as radiant as they, are not less comely. They wear the "gardien's" dress, and well it becomes them. To-day is not their day, but to-morrow, after they have paid tribute to Mireille, tragic daughter of Provence, they will make a brave show with the branding of their wild bulls and the prowess of their long-tailed horses.

Now they pass the time, as do the others, strolling up and down the overcrowded narrow street until it is time for the afternoon service to begin. The excitement of the morning is as nothing compared to the delirium of the afternoon, for it is now that the Chasse, garlanded with the flowers of the faithful, is to be let down from the vaulted roof above. Slowly, slowly, it descends, and during one minute a hush comes over the multitude, as if made visible the Saints stood among them. Then with renewed vigour the rallying cry is raised, the chant is taken up by a thousand voices, while by common impulse the worshippers stream with exultant cries towards the holy casket. Quickly it is robbed of its blossoms, torn by greedy hands, or plucked by the trembling fingers of the mother who seeks in the consecrated petals the recovery of her child.

Yet this strong joy of men, this tumult and exuberant worship, the undue familiarity of these people with the mysteries of God, has its root

in the very essence of religion. Their sincerity is overpoweringly convincing. They are truly moved by the splendour of God and His Saints and by the miracle of life. They are innocent pagans at this very Christian feast. Blithely pagan as the child is ; temperamentally pagan as the first man who from sheer lightness of heart deified the beauty of earth and sea and sky.

All through the night, watchers will stay in the church, some in sleep, some in prayer, while outside the gipsies lie drowsily, cheeks pressed to the aromatic grass. Faintly through their dreams they hear the murmur of singing voices, and in the exotic dusk of a Provençal night there beats upon the motionless air the light footsteps of dances as they dance to the sweet thin music of the farandole.



# Songs of Three Madmen.

By A. J. C. BROWN.

## I.

### HE WHO WAS A TREE.

O glory be  
On every tree,  
On oak and elm,  
On all my realm.

O jealous shine defeated sun !  
For I, the God, a web have spun,  
My fingers laced before my eyes,  
And sun and moon dejected rise.

O I Messiah am, ye Jews,  
Wise Zachaddeus brought the news ;  
O heal your sores, O touch my rod,  
The trees do walk, I am the God !

## II.

### HE WHO WAS BUONAPARTE.

Oh, I am the King of the golden snows,  
And King of a milk-white steed,  
And King of the land where the blizzard blows,  
And King of the seas I have freed.

Oh, all around is the sleepless main,  
And safe is the island King ;  
Oh, all around are the victors slain,  
Made is God's holy ring !

Men know me not, the hermit priest,  
Know not that I am he,  
That I upon my snow-white beast  
Shall go across the sea,

In clouds of blinding, secret fire,  
The Emperor to his white Empire.

## III.

HE WHO WAS ORPHEUS AND COULD DESTROY UNIVERSES.

Silence mercy's awful love,  
Oh, clayey earth, oh, stars above,  
Lest music fingers on you lay,  
Oh, watch and pray !

Oh, Dying Flowers in ripest bloom,  
Oh, Time, my fingers be thy tomb,  
Oh, Youth cut off, oh, Blood so fair,  
Oh, winding Worlds no longer there !

Mine the burden of your fate,  
In my small brain lies Music's weight ;  
I know the note, the holy note  
By which all shall to dust be smote.

Oh, weary I, I love you well,  
Earth, Stars, Heaven, Hell ;  
Peaceful sleep, peaceful sleep !  
The awful secret I shall keep.

Silence mercy's awful love,  
Oh, clayey earth, oh, stars above,  
Oh, stars of light, oh, earth of clay,  
Watch and pray !



# Of Playwrights and Players.

By PIERROT.

WRITING some time ago about the Abbey production of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, *Juno and the Paycock*, Mr. Stephen Gwynn says that he catches the atmosphere of the life of rough manual labour "in a fashion that recalls Eugene O'Neill." Mr. Gwynn is careful to point out that he is merely reporting other people's opinions, let me say. But the comparison is an unfortunate one.

If there is anyone Sean O'Casey is the polar opposite of it is Eugene O'Neill. What, more than anything else, the young American dramatist is notable for is a stern economy in the development of his action, a ruthless rejection of all irrelevancies—in this respect I know no plays that move as swiftly as *Ile* or *The Rope*—and a complete and most tyrannical subjection of the parts to the whole. None of this is apparent in Sean O'Casey's plays. They are patchy, disconnected, unworkmanlike, with loose ends hanging about everywhere. Both of them could easily have been condensed into one-act plays. They stumbled blindly on, anyway, and it was only the unequivocal sincerity of the author and the simply matchless acting of the Abbey company that made us come away with the feeling that we had been looking on at something worth seeing.

And as for atmosphere. Eugene O'Neill has given us the most varied milieus in his many plays—how many!—whereas O'Casey has so far not stirred out of the ambit of a room in a Dublin tenement house, and it is a tenement house atmosphere during the "trouble" that we get from him, and *never* the atmosphere of rough manual work, which is by no means indissoluble from the fever of the slums. The "trouble," trouble of the "Tans" and the A.S.U., and the heroism of the women of the poor, that is what O'Casey is obsessed by, throwing that heroism violently against the background of shallow, insincere, cowardly, callous, sentimental poltroonery which is inevitably the portion of his male characters.

Why, then, have these two plays been such a success?

The reason is twofold. In the first place, they treat a topical question (and it is a topical, not a historical, question) with a scorching sincerity. In the second, they are admirably suited, like Brinsley MacNamara's *Glorious Uncertainty*, to the Abbey Players, which is as much as to say that they are good acting plays. For any good acting play will suit the present Abbey company.

Parenthetically, a word about that company. It is the best company by far the Abbey has ever had. Barry Fitzgerald, Arthur Shields, F. J. McCormick, M. J. Dolan, are four such actors as have never been brought together in our time on any stage. Of course, there have been individual actors, perhaps, better than they, but when they appeared they usually

stood head and shoulders over a heavily disappointing company. Of those I have seen, Coquelin, Irving, Tree, Forbes Robertson, were so handicapped. The Abbey Players that have gone had no one that could give us anything nearly approaching the exquisite delicacy of M. J. Dolan, the restrained yet ringing personality of Arthur Shields, the tragic power and versatility of F. J. McCormick, the rich comedy combined with interpretative insight of Barry Fitzgerald. The Abbey Players that have gone had one supreme artist amongst them, Sara Allgood, and she is still with us, but supported now by a troupe that supplements and completes her genius. It is for this reason I am glad that Mr. Hubert Griffith, the dramatic critic of the *Observer*, invited over here by Mr. Lennox Robinson to see *Juno and the Paycock*, has been so enthusiastic in his praise of the company. He saw with stranger's eyes. The acting of the Abbey Players, he says, "was the nearest thing to perfect I have seen in a theatre." I have been saying that for the past few months. I have said it was a privilege to be a Dubliner these days. But we, Dubliners, are so æsthetically constituted that we require a stranger, a foreigner, to tell us how good we are, what good things we have amongst us, before we feel quite comfortable when we dole out praise to one of our own.

And now for Mr. Sean O'Casey's story of horror, which has been given with such grotesque distortion in most of the notices.

A schoolmaster, Bentham (a part in which Gabriel J. Fallon had no scope for that curious emotional absorption in his part one is accustomed to) brings news to Jack Boyle, a workshy who lives in a tenement house with his wife, Juno (Sara Allgood), his daughter Mary (Eileen Crowe), and his son Johnny (Arthur Shields), an irregular who has lost an arm, whose hip is shattered, and who has given "information" about his "pals" to the Free State authorities, brings news that a fortune has been left them. He seduces Mary. When he realises that, through the bungling of a solicitor, the family will get nothing, he decamps to England. That is the central story. But certain extraneous details pile up the horrors. On the strength of the suppositious bequest, the family go extravagantly into debt, for beer, for gramophone, for furniture. And it is after the tailor has taken away the workshy's new suit, and the furniture-removers taken away all the furniture, so that only four bare walls have been left, and the irregulars taken away the maimed boy to shoot him dead for turning informer, and Joxer Daly (F. J. McCormick : it was delicious to note the subtle nuances that discriminated this part of his from that of the pedlar with which he completely captivated the Dublin audiences in *The Shadow of a Gunman*) has stolen the last bottle of stout in the place, putting—there was the very quintessence of humour in his acting of this—the blame on the indignant tailor, it is after all this ghastly collection of horrors, I say, that we learn that Mary, freshly turned down by her quondam lover, a hypocritical spouter of socialist high thought, is going to have a child, and be turned down and out by her ruffian of a workshy father whose name in the neighbourhood will otherwise be disgraced.



It is the tragedy of heroic motherhood.

For there, surrounded by the four bare, discoloured, cobwebby walls of the squalid tenement, it is the mother, Juno, who has supported the family all along, who has just heard of the shooting of her blackguardly maimed boy (did he, too, the informer, not turn on his sister when he hears how she has been degraded by Bentham?), who takes the broken-hearted girl to her bosom and brings her with her to her sister, where the girl may go through her travail unscathed by the vile tongue of her father or of the neighbours. This last splendid scene, which allowed Sara Allgood to show us once more what she can do when she gets a chance, had in it real tragic intensity. It would have been merely disgusting had it not been redeemed by the nobility of Juno. The passionate "there's no God" which the daughter broke into struck a false note, however. She was a reader of Ibsen, no doubt, she was a sincere student of socialism, yet it was only the shallowness of her character that we had been allowed to see.

The entry of Jack Boyle and Joxer Daly at the end, when everyone is gone, both of them drunk and penniless, had in it a mordant incisiveness of implicit comment that outchorussed any possible chorus. Mr. Sean O'Casey is to be congratulated on the tingling sincerity of his play, even if the derivative note pipes a little shrilly now and then.

A like mordancy of ironic comment pervades the last work of Georg Kaiser. (*Gas. A Play in Five Acts* by Georg Kaiser. Translated from the German by Hermann Scheffauer. London: Chapman and Dodd, Ltd.) It is a tremendous gigantesque. Here, the characters as mere human beings have no significance whatever. They are symbols of the blind forces, impersonal and catastrophic, of capitalism, of labour, of nature. And so Herr Kaiser rightly leaves his dramatis personæ nameless, segregating them from one another by generic descriptions: the billionaire's son, the daughter, the officer, the engineer, the gentleman in white, the clerk, the girl, the mother, the first gentleman in black, and so on. It was produced by the Birmingham Repertory Company in November of last year, and in this book there are five plates of the scenes as it was then staged. These pictures show that the designer, Mr. Paul Shelving, has wonderfully captured the genius of the piece, for they give a sense of overwhelming vastness and terror, particularly that of Act V., at the entrance to the ruined gas factory. There are pictures, too, of the costumes designed for the production of the play by the Russian worker-actors at the Soviet House Pechati, Moscow, and these costumes are symbolic also—in fact, grotesquely so. The play and its sequel have been performed for the first time last week in Vienna at the Raimundtheater.

The play opens in one of the offices of the gas factory with a clerk at work. In comes the gentleman in white, the White Horror, herald of explosion. He vanishes. The gas, in spite of the engineer's perfect formula, explodes. The survivors clamour for the expulsion of the

engineer. There is a terrible scene in which the girl and the mother show how their lives have been abused by the killing manufacture of gas, even though it is on a profit-sharing basis. The billionaire's son, who is the director in the huge co-operative factory, proposes that they should give up the making of gas and go back to the land. At this suggestion all the surviving workers turn back to the engineer, whom they involuntarily make their leader. The gentlemen in black add their influence to the weight of the workers' resolve to carry on. Lastly, the government, thinking of the next war, steps in and forces the re-opening of the works. We are left at the end with the despairing billionaire's son, and the daughter, whose card-playing soldier-husband has committed suicide, and the daughter promises to bear a son who will lead the workers away from the blinding, soul-killing work civilisation beckons them to.

Such a synopsis gives no idea of the quality of this most remarkable play. We will, therefore, quote its opening lines :

"A vast square room, all in white, the office of the billionaire's son. The rear wall is composed entirely of glass in large squares. The walls to right and left are covered from floor to ceiling with great charts bearing statistics, scales, and diagrams in black and white. To the left is a spacious desk and an armchair of austere design, a second armchair at the side. A smaller desk to the right. Visible through the glass wall in a murky violet light, the steep close-throated shapes of great chimney-stacks from which flame and smoke pour in horizontal lines.

"Faint bursts of music come and go.

"A young clerk at the smaller desk to the right.

"Enter noiselessly the gentleman in white, a strange, whimsical, phantom figure, entirely in white, including a chalk-white face. He shuts the door noiselessly, surveys the room, tip-toes towards the clerk, touches him upon the shoulder.

"G. in W. : Music ?

"Clerk turns up a startled face to him.

"G. in W. listens to sounds from overhead, and nods : Valse ?

"Clerk : How do you happen — ?

"G. in W. : Quite casually. A certain noiselessness—achieved by rubber soles. (He seats himself in chair before desk and crosses his legs.) The Chief ? Busy ? Upstairs ?

"Clerk : What do you wish ?

"G. in W. : A dancing party ?

"Clerk (in growing haste and confusion) : There's a wedding—overhead.

"G. in W. (with pointing finger) : The Chief or— ?

"Clerk The daughter and the officer.

"G. in W. : Then, of course, he can't be seen at present—the Chief ?

"Clerk : We have no Chief—here."







CONNEMARA WOMEN.

*From a Painting*

By

CHARLES V. LAMB, A.R.H.A.

# Charles V. Lamb, A.R.H.A., Painter.

By GEORGE ATKINSON.

THE exhibition of his more recent work by Mr. Charles Lamb in the St. Stephen's Green Gallery would seem to indicate that he has broken with an obsession, that has become almost a tradition with so many of our Dublin painters, who would appear to have adopted the famous—or infamous—slogan of Cromwell to the Irish people of his day.

The first of the two alternatives may not be inappropriate to Dublin as a centre of artistic practice, for Dublin is not by any means a painter's paradise, and offers little of that camaraderie of the studio that helps to invigorate the work of artists in Paris, Munich, London, and elsewhere; on the contrary, it seems to breed a queer, unanalysable spirit of secrecy that keeps each painter apart from his brothers of the brush, aloof, self-contained, strictly private. This is bad for art, and worse for the young artist who needs some influence to compensate him for the lost condition of apprenticeship to a master. Concentration on the West of Ireland, as the last refuge of romance, is understandable, and, through artists of mature judgment and breadth of vision, has enriched the national culture of our day with the inception of a native tradition in painting. But it is questionable if immurement in Connaught is likely to develop talent that may be latent in a younger painter who has not had sufficient contact with the broader aspects of his art lying above and beyond technical expedients.

Moreover, it may be unwise, and a delusion, to allow the call of the West to veil the imagination to the charm that often lies in unexpected places, for did not A.E. find a theme of alluring beauty in the Rathmines Road, and has not someone aptly reminded us that "there is always romance round the corner"?

Mr. Lamb had confined his previous work almost exclusively to the figure and subject pictures and character studies of the West of Ireland, and the dexterous and mettlesome technique which he developed in these larger compositions brought him recognition as a painter of merit and considerable promise. His present exhibition contains one unrepresentative example of his figure painting, in which there is little of Orpen, less of Yeats, and still less of Charles Lamb. With this exception, the exhibition consists of a refreshing display of some fifty landscapes, all of them obviously painted out of doors, and neither cooked nor incubated in the studio. The subjects range from the Bann to Waterford, and along the marshes of Kent, and reveal the more colourful qualities of the Irish landscape as distinct from the quieter, minor key of English pastures



this is apparent even in the delicate and pleasant "Sketch in Co. Waterford," No. 44, as compared with No. 48, a calmly harmonious study on Romney Marsh.

Mr. Lamb has a fine feeling for the dramatic in nature, and is enabled to intensify his interpretation through a control of design and arrangement that is unusual in painters of landscape, and it is this management of pattern that adds an interest to a painting such as No. 7, that might be merely banal had it been rendered with the realism that pertains to photography. This quality of decorativeness might be said to be his strong point, for it exists not only in the selection of the subject and its plan within the four lines of the frame, but extends to the method and manner of the execution. His earlier work gave evidence of some individuality in technique, and this has been developed, and skilfully adapted and varied to meet particular intentions in the work under review, although in some instances the variation has arisen under the influence of the expedients of recent "modes" in painting.

In a collection that includes many admirable examples, "The Salmon Leap, Rostrevor," makes a special appeal for its unity of conception, and complete accord between the intention and the means of expression. Mr. Lamb is a sincere and competent artist, and there is a gay abandon in this little sketch, that may well become a characteristic of his work, if he receives that measure of support and encouragement without which even artistic sincerity is liable to wilt, and competency to become debased to an unhappy compromise.

# Bard and Patron.

By THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

THERE has come down to us in the works of one of the Roman authors a pleasing description of a scene which the writer who records it witnessed in Gaul about the time of the Roman conquest of that country. The principal figures of the little comedy described are a Gaulish nobleman and a bard. The latter, in the account that has come down to us, runs alongside the chariot of the former, declaiming his patron's merits, and those of his ancestors, in a set piece of elaborate versification. Presently, so the anecdote runs, the Gaulish nobleman slightly reins in his impatient horses, and, stooping to the floor of the chariot, lifts therefrom a bag of gold, which he flings to the pursuing poet. The chariot drives on in a cloud of dust, and the bard is left behind, extolling in language yet more ornate and eloquent than he had before used the wealth and generosity of his distinguished patron. Such is the scene which the Roman writer has described; and few there are, probably, but will agree that it is Celtic from first to last.

Celtic noblemen who take a practical interest in Celtic art and letters doubtless there are, even nowadays; but, alas! no man can say with truth that legion is still their name. The Order of Bards is departed. The Scarlet Cloak and the wand have vanished out of each and every Celtic land. Chariots have given place to taxi-cabs; and, finally, more often than not, the guerdon of the Poet is but the sorry guerdon of Raifteri:

Feuch a nis mi  
Agus m'aghaidh air bhalla  
A' seinn ceóil  
Do phócanaibh folamh'.

Certainly, a bag of gold will reward the modern poet's efforts as rarely as he will encounter a patron who is used to dispense his largess in so handsome a fashion.

Far be it from me to maintain that nobles who reward letters and support the liberal arts generally, as poets who compose odes and other bardery in praise of their patrons, are figures exclusively Celtic. Both were figures common to learned antiquity in general; and who does not know that, with each successive revival of the "classic" spirit, the monied patron and his impecunious but lettered *protégé* revived also? Greeks, Romans, and Persians—in fine, all the nations of antiquity in which was the salt of love of art and letters—were rich in patrons who gave lavishly, and in writers and artists whose genius they so encouraged and drew forth. Nevertheless, as the ancient Celts rarely borrowed but they improved, so also in this matter of patronage and bardery we may discern under the cloak of a general vogue or custom some things which

learning and instinct conspire to persuade us are peculiarly and characteristically Celtic. Thus, there is surely something indubitably Celtic in the splendid gesture of that Gaulish noble of old, who rewarded a running poet with a bag of gold. We are not told that the ode recited was as precious as the means employed to mark the patron's sense of its literary excellencies. It was sufficient for the man who rode in the chariot that himself and his ancestors had been extolled. The versification itself might be good or bad ; but, good or bad, a bag of gold was obviously a just reward ; doubtless, here was a sense of the dignity of letters and of the homage which it is but proper that wealth should always be forward to render to it, so as to conserve aright the general fitness of things. Notable examples of Greek and Roman generosity in face of literary merit or artistic worth will readily occur to all to whom the history of the two peoples is known ; and similar examples afforded by other nations and peoples, as well modern as ancient, should suffice—if illustrations drawn from remote times do not—to put us on our guard against crediting the Celts with what was in truth no peculiarity at all on their part, but is an impulse and tendency common to civilised mankind in general, and confined to no particular age or clime. Still, a true Celtic " atmosphere " pervades the Celtic picture which the hand of the Roman has drawn for us ; and the more we study the details of it, and figure to ourselves with our mind's eye the broad effect of the canvas spread before us, the more shall we be persuaded that here, indeed, is a picture which, though Roman, yet is true to ancient Celtic life, and charged with Celtic character. Who is so little imaginative that he cannot reconstruct for himself the whole scene—the swiftly-moving chariot ; the flying steeds, magnificently caparisoned, and behind which rides, richly dressed and glittering with jewels, the scion of an ancient and illustrious sept ; the clouds of dust which mark his headlong progress, and through which is dimly seen the scarlet figure of the pursuing bard, chanting his lay even as he runs ; and finally, the bag of gold with which Celtic pride of birth and love of ancestry rewards Celtic love of letters and pride of art ? In Rome about the time of Cato there was current a saying to the effect that the Gauls loved two things, namely, fighting and keen speech. And in the anecdote related by the Roman the two predominating qualities or ruling passions ascribed of old to our race would appear to receive at once confirmation and illustration, the figure of the Gaulish nobleman, who, doubtless, belonged to the military cast, embodying for us the martial spirit of the ancient Celts, whilst in the bard we are at liberty to discern a living type or symbol of our race's no less keen appreciation of the barbed word and shining phrase. Indeed, the two chief qualities ascribed to the ancient Celts make a notable conjunction, and, so united, tend to explain to us that profound admiration of the Greeks which our Celtic forefathers ever entertained. To both peoples, " fighting "—an expression which we are entitled to regard as including a keen appreciation of physical perfection and prowess in respect of bodily exercises—and " keen speech "—words



which we are justified in interpreting as denoting also love and respect for intellectual eminence in general—were meet pursuits for heroes ; and, by consequence, those who followed them were to be admired and esteemed in proportion as they gave themselves up to them, and according to the degree of success which attended their efforts. We may be reasonably certain that Divitiacus, the Druid, who knew well Cæsar, Cicero, and other distinguished Romans, and who conversed much with them of philosophy and other learned topics, also discoursed to them of his race's great friends and allies, the Greeks ; of the ideals which the two peoples had in common, and of how near in spirit and temperament they were to one another.

Patron and bard figure prominently in the history of Celtic letters ; and it is on themes which show the intimate relations that subsisted between the two, and which took their rise from that close friendship and association, that the greatest part of our ancient literature is made up. The bard was ever a prominent feature of the Celtic polity ; and even when, in Ireland as in Scotland, the tribal system gave place in course of time to the feudal, we find the bard persisting, and his patron-chief, though no longer ruled as to his succession to the headship of the *clann* or *tuath* by the elective law which obtained under the Celtic dispensation, continuing to stand in much the same relationship towards the now dispossessed members of the Bardic Order as he did during the hey-day of the native system and polity. In the literature that has come down to us from those times there is, perhaps, too much poetry of a purely private sort—panegyrics on dead and gone chiefs, or, alternatively, denunciations of dead and gone chiefs and their families, which, even from a strictly historical and genealogical point of view, can be of little moment and interest nowadays. Doubtless, for the scholar and specialist, these effusions have their philological value, since they serve to illustrate the successive changes through which the Gaelic language passed, as well in Scotland as in Ireland. But those whose interest in literature is purely literary, who are drawn to the same fount by the regard which they have for the larger aspects of historical studies, cannot but regret that, from neither point of view, is this very considerable body of poetry as uniformly fertile of data calculated to enlarge their knowledge, and to increase their understanding of the past as might reasonably be expected of it, if regard be had to its bulk, and to the stirring and eventful times in which it was composed. The disability to which I refer, however—and few, I imagine, save philologists, will deny that it is one—was the inevitable consequence of the peculiar conditions under which this considerable body of bardery was produced. The tribal polity of the ancient Celts tended to circumscribe the literary activities of the poets who flourished under it, and to confine their professional attention, as verse-makers, to a comparatively few themes. The same tendency is observable in respect of all, whether they belonged to the ruling classes or, on the other hand, were of the commonalty whose earthly lot was cast in Celtic times,

## The Dublin Magazine

the province in the first instance, and, in the second, the clan or sept to which the Celt belonged, constituting frontiers beyond the confines of which neither his imagination nor his mundane interests were apt to stray, or, indeed, ever experienced much inducement to wander. Thus, under the Celtic system, both Church and State took on complexions strongly indicative of the tribal genius and spirit of their origins ; and the poetic literature produced by the bards necessarily, and inevitably, partook of the same tribal genius and character, the lays and other literary effusions of the official bards being concerned, for the most part, with purely tribal themes, such as the exploits in war, and (less frequently) in peace, of local chiefs ; their paternity ; the glorious feats of arms performed by their remote ancestors ; the prowess of the province in battle ; the celebrity of this or that local clan or sept on the same account ; *is mar sin air aghaidh*.

The feudal system, when it came, greatly changed the nature of the relations which, previous to its introduction, had subsisted, time out of mind, between the bards on the one hand, and, on the other, their principal supporters and patrons, the chiefs. In the revolution that was caused by that event, the Bardic Order went down, together with the tribal polity in Church and State of which that Order was a component part. The abolition, or rather gradual decay, of the Bardic Order was a natural consequence of the disappearance of the polity by virtue of which it existed ; but feudalism worked other, and hardly less notable, changes in the particular province to which these remarks refer. It released the bard from his dependence on the local chief, and so may justly be said to have given his genius new wings. It certainly considerably extended the range of his themes. It opened his eyes to a world which lay beyond the frontiers of his own province, and to men and things which were of national, as opposed to local and particular, importance and interest. And however much we may deplore and regret the destruction of the Celtic and the triumph of the feudal system, yet that that revolution worked good, in so far as it revolutionised the forms and changed the spirit of Celtic bardery in general, I, for one, regard as a thing not to be gainsaid. In Scotland, at all events, a great outburst of unrivalled lyrical song followed the disappearance of the Order of the Bards, and the consequent relaxing of the tension of the relations of poet with patron and patron with poet ; and I make bold to affirm that in Ireland also the freeing of the bards from their too great dependence on the local chiefs had good effects in a literary way, notwithstanding that the disappearance of the Bardic Order itself was for you, as for us, a cultural disaster of the greatest magnitude. But as to that matter, who does not know that, in this unstable and transitory life, affairs were ever so ordered, and, so adjusted, are like to remain as long as the world endures ? We receive no good but we are made conscious at the same time that there is a reverse to the medal we have acquired : we gain no advantage and effect no desired improvement which do not raise up to us of themselves yet new complications and fresh disabilities.



**"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."**

*From a Painting*

*By*

**G. L. BROCKHURST.**

*In the Collection of Thomas Bodkin.*





# Her Dowry.

(A PLAY OF ANY TOWN.)

*In One Act.*

By D. L. KELLEHER.

## Characters :

*John Manson* .. A Young Journalist.  
*Winifred Blaney* .. David Blaney's Daughter.  
*David Blaney* .. Proprietor of the "News and Echo."  
*Robert Manson* .. Estate Agent, Father of John Manson.  
(called *Manson Senior*).

Scene—The Editorial Department, "News and Echo" Office.

Time—The Present.

---

*An office used in common by the three or four members of the News Staff of a bi-weekly general newspaper. A table, files of two or three dailies, the litter of loose papers, etc., one sees in a sub-editorial room. There is a window at back with blind down; beside it a telephone. A hall door near telephone leads to the street. A small cheap mirror hangs near door.*

*John Manson, 26, is poring over copy-paper at the untidy central table, lighted by a single lamp, with three or four home-made shades of dirty paper gummed on the edge of it.*

*(John Manson, hearing the telephone, gets up.)*

*John Manson (taking receiver)—"Yes—'News and Echo'—No—He'll be back any time now—Yes—the Chief Constable—I'll tell him—Double four 9—Thank you—Good-bye."*

*(John Manson goes back to the table and makes a note of the call, speaking, as he writes, these words) :*

*"The Chief Constable rang up and wants you to ring him up immediately."*

*(He puts the message under a lead, then pauses for a second or two before resuming his writing of the copy he was engaged in when telephone first interrupted him. There is a knock at door to street. Manson bids "Come in." A young lady, 19, in blue with a white flower badge on her blue cap and on left arm, comes in smiling.)*

## The Dublin Magazine

*Miss Blaney*—"Good evening."

*Manson (has risen, he offers a chair)*—"Good evening, Miss Blaney."

*Miss Blaney*—"No, I'm not going to stay—I thought father would be here."

*(She is in a happy, nervous, excitable state. Manson is thrilled as she speaks and moves about the office).*

*Miss Blaney*—"You don't mind my waiting?"

*Manson*—"I shall keep you company if you will allow me."

*Miss Blaney (sits down)*—"Oh, certainly."

*Manson (looks at his watch)*—"He ought to be back now: he mentioned 6.30."

*Miss Blaney (forgetting herself a little)*—"I'm going to surprise him."

*Manson (taking his seat)*—"And delight him?"

*Miss Blaney (startled at his gallantry)*—"Please don't let me interfere with your work." *(She gets up and moves in excited irresolution again.)*

*Manson*—"May I go on writing?"

*Miss Blaney*—"Please!"

*Manson (offers her some periodicals)*—"You may like to see 'Punch' or 'London Opinion.'"

*Miss Blaney*—"I'm afraid I'm too impatient to read." *(She sits down, but cannot concentrate.)*

*Manson (half jestingly)*—"There are some very good pictures in the 'Sketch.'"

*Miss Blaney (puzzled)*—"Thanks . . . but I think I must go . . . they will be coming in for me soon." *(She gets up from her chair. Manson jumps up from his.)*

*Manson*—"Have you left some friends outside? Shall I bring them in?"

*Miss Blaney (hesitating, then full of the news)*—"Oh, no; it is the Rescue Parade . . . you will tell father? I am going with them to-night . . . they will come past here."

*Manson*—"Hadn't you better wait? It's only a few minutes now to 6.30. Besides, we can hear the band coming."

*Miss Blaney (sits down again, reassured)*—"Yes, yes. I'd love him to see me." *(Then she begins rapidly turning over the "Sketch." Manson sits down and resumes his writing. They exchange glances—finally Manson begins with some sincerity.)*

*Manson*—"It's quite a coincidence; I am just writing a note for to-morrow's issue about the work of the Rescue League. I didn't know you were a member."

*Miss Blaney*—"Oh, I am, but this is my first night's real work. . . . My first night in uniform." *(She smiles a little proudly.)*

*Manson*—"May I look at your Badge?" *(She inclines her left arm across the table.)*

*Manson*—"It's a very nice design."



Miss Blaney—"Do you like it?"

Manson—"I think it is artistic . . . and appropriate."

Miss Blaney—"They are usually worn on the right; we have it on the left—I don't know why." (*Her arm lingers.*)

Manson (*after a pause*)—"Unless for the old reason . . . nearer the heart!" (*His smile is progressive.*)

Miss Blaney (*pulling her arm back, a little puzzled*)—"I had not thought of that." (*She again turns over the leaves of her book. Manson resumes his writing. Very soon the sound of a band is heard. Miss Blaney rises.*)

Miss Blaney—"Oh, there they are!" (*Picks up her umbrella.*) "You will tell father?"

Manson—"I wish I were a crusader." (*Miss Blaney is delighted by this; then, suddenly, she backs towards the little mirror, in which, girlishly, she reviews her hair, cap, etc. As she darts out, Manson holds the door.*)

Miss Blaney—"You won't forget to tell him?" (*When she has gone, Manson closes the door, goes quickly to the window, watches until procession is out of sight, holding blind a little aside. Then he returns to the table, sits down, chews pen-handle, gets up again uneasily as if unable to forget Miss Blaney, walks to the window, is about to draw blind aside again, when door is pushed in brusquely by Blaney, a keen-faced type, 55, in blue suit, stocky, middle height. He glances at Manson, then at the clock.*)

Blaney—"Is that right?" (*He takes out his watch and looks at it.*) "No! I'm later than ever to-night. Anything fresh, Manson?"

Manson—"Miss Blaney's just been here."

Blaney—"Just now? Why didn't she wait? Left a message?"

Manson—"She thought she would surprise you."

Blaney—"What! Gone with that band?"

Manson—"She said so."

Blaney (*speaks in a more restrained, lower, tone evidently thinking hard*)—"Do you know where they have gone?"

Manson—"I don't—she didn't say." (*Blaney drums with his fingers on the back of the chair, while Manson continues*): "They usually march to the Crusade Hall; they pick up the crowd on the way."

Blaney (*pulling his preoccupation up*)—"She must have been in high spirits?"

Manson (*impetuous*)—"She had the blue uniform of the Crusaders."

Blaney (*pleased*)—"Looked well?"

Manson (*overflowing*)—"Oh, she did—just suited her—it's a striking kind of costume, it's ——" (*he hesitates, recovering his caution*)—"it's—eh —"

Blaney (*notices his embarrassment*)—"This is the sort of thing comes of your articles—there never was a safe idealist—you see how easily young people can be led."

Manson (*guardedly*)—"Has she been reading them?"

Blaney—"Of course—what else?"

*Manson (in an uplift)*—"I wish the landlords in the rotten tenements would read them."

*Blaney*—"You're young, Manson, too young. You'll be less emphatic when you've had a couple of failures. Have you done any further notes for next issue?"

*Manson*—"Yes, one or two on the subject."

*Blaney*—"Read them out."

*Manson*—"This is just the concluding part" (*he reads from copy*): "It is not a case, then, of sentiment, or bad business. Every day that we allow those rat-ridden and disease-ridden tenements to stand, we increase our hospital bill, our death rate, our criminal class. For all of these we have to pay, though our local rates may not give a clear indication of the burden. Let the Council buy up at once the Rodney Street and like areas. The city debt will be increased, and there will be a shilling or two more in the pound to pay. But this apparent loss is, as we have said, the only way to ultimate civic saving."

*Blaney (takes a firmer tone)*—"No, no, this won't do; you must not write glibly like that about raising the rates."

*Manson*—"Let me read you the beginning."

*Blaney*—"No, don't. We must look at the thing practically. These slum conditions are of slow growth. They can only be changed slowly."

*Manson (very surprised)*—"I'm sorry. These objections applied to my earlier articles more than to this."

*Blaney*—"True. I did not, perhaps, pay enough attention to them."

*Manson (pleading)*—"It will be a pity to call off our campaign now."

*Blaney*—"Not to call it off. Only to remember that the ratepayer always turns away from philanthropy—somebody must own slums."

*Manson (angry)*—"Some vampire."

*Blaney (afraid to argue, makes a bully's answer)*—"You're talking bolshevism now." (*Changing to a strict business tone*): "What are you doing to-night?—these enthusiasms of yours always make me forget the routine."

*Manson (mastering himself, starts at the word "forget")*—"Oh, the Chief Constable rang you up half-an-hour ago." (*He finds slip of paper on table on which he wrote down message.*) "He wants you to ring him up." (*Moving towards 'phone*): "Shall I get him for you?"

*Blaney (promptly, as though solving a suppressed difficulty)*—"I'll do it—you go off and see what they are doing on the Crusade to-night. You can make a third of a column out of it perhaps?"

*Manson (looks pleased. He smiles)*—"Oh, yes, easily a third of a column."

(*Blaney rings on 'phone. Just as Manson is closing door, Blaney calls out.*)

*Blaney*—"Tell your father to come round and see me." (*Manson closes door going out, Blaney still at 'phone.*) "Double 4 nine, please—Hallo—yes—Is the Chief Constable there?—Mr. Blaney

speaking—that you, Chief? Yes—yes—Public opinion?—too much, perhaps—No—a young enthusiast on my staff—boys will be boys—yes—yes—I'm afraid not—we could not mention any special area—the law of newspaper libel is severe—Oh, Rodney Street?—I have not heard—n-n-no—we'll do our best—yes—thanks—thanks—good-bye."

(As Blaney has been telephoning, Manson Senior has come quietly into the office. He is a less tailored man than Blaney, and dispenses with formalities.)

Blaney (hanging up receiver, turns to him)—"That's the Chief."

Manson Senior (calm)—"Well?"

Blaney (half-furtively)—"He's watching that Rodney Street area."

Manson Senior (with reassuring indifference)—"Well, we shall be rid of them in twelve months."

Blaney (strides a pace or two)—"I wish we had done so long ago."

Manson Senior—"Bad business, that wish!! Why?"

Blaney—"The place will disgrace us yet."

Manson Senior—"I heard to-night from Councillor Jessop."

Blaney (eagerly interrupts)—"Yes?"

Manson Senior—"The Health Committee have practically decided to take it over at our price."

Blaney (verifying)—"Jessop told you?"

Manson Senior—Yes! You remember I gave him £20."

Blaney—"Is he sure...?"

Manson Senior—"Well, he seems to be... this time!"

Blaney (unable to satisfy himself)—"He has promised before... Look here! I'm getting sick of them. Suppose we decide to close the place up at once."

Manson Senior (rises in prosaic disgust)—"Then you'd lose 100 per cent. selling price. You could not ask a decent figure with the place unoccupied."

Blaney (becoming more penitent)—I tell you, Manson, I'm sick of the business... I don't think I ought to draw money from these flats."

Manson Senior (astonished by Blaney's return of innocence)—"But who's to know? What's put this idea into your head?"

Blaney—"I'm beginning to be afraid; I think I'm getting ashamed."

Manson Senior—"You're afraid all right, but—(with unconcealed contempt) "ashamed?"

Blaney (rapidly, as though terrified by his own return to virtue)—"The Chief says these places are death-traps, the staircases especially... I want to get rid of them now."

Manson Senior (hoping to argue him out of his conscientiousness)—"But don't you remember how you justified yourself when you took them over?... You said it was business. and business, did not deal in sentiment."

Blaney (still self-deprecatory)—"Yes, yes, I wanted to make money somehow for my daughter."



*Manson Senior*—"Certainly; and if you sell out now someone else will buy them and probably raise the rents! Why shouldn't you hold them as well as anybody else? . . . It's business."

*Blaney (harassed)*—"Yes, but consider the Chief Constable . . . and these articles in my own paper." (*He picks up the MS. of John Manson's article. Robert Manson scans it and lays it down in a bored way.*)

*Manson Senior*—"That's a boy's writing; he's been an idealist since he could think. Who minds a boy?"

*Blaney (desperately)*—"He speaks for the town. . . . I may be found out . . . then what's the use of all the money I am drawing? . . . my daughter will not profit by it. Here's her father a hypocrite, and she . . . ."

*Manson Senior*—"She will look at it sensibly."

*Blaney*—"Sensibly? Why, she has gone down Rodney Street now on 'Crusade Work.'"

*Manson Senior (astonished)*—"What?"

*Blaney*—"She is actually doing Rescue work in the slums which are providing her dowry! What would she think of me if she knew the truth?"

*Manson Senior (indignant)*—"Why did you allow her? These people in the slums are happy enough—they must be housed somewhere!"

*Blaney (with ever-increasing penitence)*—"Yes! yes! but your own son says it is the filthy environment which has degraded them in most cases. I must sell out!"

*Manson Senior (cynically)*—"At a decent figure, and at a discreet time."

*Blaney (struggling)*—"No, I'll SELL them up now . . . at once! Look here, make up your mind! Put them on the market at once!"

*Manson Senior (believing it hopeless to argue with Blaney)*—"I'll walk down there and give you time to think the matter over." (*He proceeds to pick up his walking stick. As he does so, Blaney goes to the 'phone and rings up the Chief Constable.*)

*Blaney*—"Wait a moment! I'll find out the Chief Constable's plans further." ('Phone.) "Hallo . . . Is the Chief Constable there? . . . No?" (*He holds receiver and listens awhile, then to Manson Senior*): "He's has been called to a fire."

*Manson Senior*—"All right. I'll come back later." (*Just as he moves to go out the bell of a fire-car rings past outside. Robert M. hesitates, turns, and goes to the window. As he pulls the blind a little aside he says, while Blaney looks over his shoulder*)—"Seems near the Alkali Works?" (*They pause and peer out. A red glow is visible in the distant sky. Manson Senior resumes his commercial calm*): "Pintleys, Ltd.; they're well insured! . . . hallo, there's another fire-engine."

(*The telephone rings again. Robert Manson watches the glow while Blaney eagerly takes the 'phone message from the Chief's office.*)

Blaney (*holding receiver*)—"What? Yes! The Rodney Street Corner!" (*He drops receiver abruptly and does not ring off.*) "Great God! Manson, the Rodney Street Corner is on fire."

Manson Senior (*lets the blind fall callously*)—"There is some insurance! WELL?"

Blaney (*beseechingly*)—"Go down as quick as you can; 'phone me!" (*Blaney half pushes Manson out of the room and returns anxiously to the window. As he lifts the blind the glow grows redder. Blaney becomes alarmed. He lets the blind fall, unable to endure the sight, and half cries*): "WINIFRED! . . . WINIFRED!!"

(*He looks in terror about the room as though unable for half a minute to make up his mind. Then he seizes his hat, grabs his overcoat from a peg, and is making to go out when John Manson rushes in hatless and out of breath.*)

John Manson (*clutches Blaney*)—"Oh, Mr. Blaney."

Blaney—"Well—what is it?—is she safe?"

John Manson—"You heard——?"

Blaney—"Where is she? Something has happened. Let me go."

John Manson—"Wait, wait." (*He holds Blaney.*)

Blaney—"Can't you speak, man—what happened her, then—what happened her?" (*His repetitions are frantic.*)

(*Manson is slow to reply, trying to soften the blow. While Blaney beseeches him he loosens his grasp and backs away. He does not know how to continue. Then suddenly at telephone he rings and says*):

John Manson—"The Infirmary." (*While holding on, he talks rather to an unseen listener than to Blaney, who, at the word "Infirmary" stands rigid and staring.*) "You know—you guess—'The Crusade Party' was visiting Block 'G' The poor people had hung out a couple of paper lanterns. The wind blew one about; it caught an old curtain. That blazed up and fell—there was a panic, the rotten old outside stairs gave way." (*Answers telephone.*) "Yes—I want to know how is Miss Blaney—yes—yes—oh! (*Manson stares with fixed terror at Blaney.*)

Blaney—"Oh, but tell me what happened her? For God's sake."

John Manson—"She had to jump from a window——"

Blaney—"She—she——Oh, I'll go to the Infirmary—she's——"

John Manson (*as Blaney rushes away*)—"I'll go with you—wait—but—she's dead."

(*Blaney stands in doorway, glares, mutters, and is sadly crazy as the curtain falls.*)

# A Note on Hawaiian Poetry.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

HAWAIIAN poetry—and this is probably true of Polynesian poetry generally—comes from a root that is different from the root that our poetry comes from. In our poetry the primary intention is to communicate some personal emotion; in their poetry the primary intention, I believe, is to make an incantation, to cast a spell. Hear Hawaiian *mele* chanted with all of their prolonged vowel-sounds, and you will be made feel that what is behind the *mele* is not a poet, but a magician. I can think of only one or two poems in English that are in their intention, in their evocative sound, anything like Hawaiian *mele*. One is the incantation that “A.E.” has put into his “Deirdre,” the incantation that bespells Naisi and his brothers. In the play as it was first given “A.E.” himself used to chant the spell with the very intonations of the surviving Hawaiian chanters:—

Let the Faed Fia fall,  
Mananaun MacLir :  
Take back the day  
Amid days unremembered.  
Over the warring mind  
Let thy Faed Fia fall,  
Mananaun MacLir.

Let thy waves rise,  
Mananaun MacLir,  
Let the earth fail  
Beneath their feet,  
Let thy waves flow over them,  
Mananaun,  
Lord of Ocean !

The Open Polynesian syllables, with their vowels arbitrarily lingered on, naturally give more of the effect of an incantation than even lines that have sounds as evocative as “Mananaun, Lord of Ocean.” Another poem that I can imagine being chanted in the Hawaiian way, and producing the same effect of incantation, is Blake’s:—

Hear the voice of the Bard !  
Who present, past, and future sees ;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word  
That walked amongst the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed soul  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew.



But if Hawaiian poetry had in it only this evocative sound it would be of little interest to us who have been trained to appreciate other qualities in poetry. It has a personal and human appeal, too. And the Hawaiian poet has anticipated effects that the cultivated poets of our tradition have been striving for: he is, for instance, more esoteric than Mallarme and more imagistic than Amy Lowell.

Every Hawaiian poem has at least four meanings: (1) the ostensible meaning of the words; (2) a vulgar double-meaning; (3) a mythological-historical-topographical import; and (4) the *mauna* or deeply-hidden meaning. I have sat gasping while, in a poem of twelve or twenty lines, meaning under meaning was revealed to me by some scholar, Hawaiian or Haole, who knew something of the esoteric Hawaiian tradition.

But the main thing that Hawaiian poetry has to offer an outsider is the clear and flashing images that it is in its power to produce. The languages of the Pacific, it should be noted first, have no abstract terms. If an Hawaiian wants to refer to my ignorance he speaks of me as having the entrails of night; if he wants to speak of someone's blindness he will bring in eyes of night. Abstractions become images in the Polynesian language. The people themselves have an extraordinary sense of the visible things in their world: they have, for instance, a dozen words to tell of the shades of difference in the sea as it spreads between them and the horizon. And their language forces them to an imagistic expression. Their poetry, then, when it is at all descriptive, is full of clear and definite images. I open Nathaniel Emerson's "Unwritten Literature of Hawaii," a book upon the hula that is also a great anthology of Hawaiian poetry, and I find:—

Heaven-magic, fetch a Hilo pour from heaven!  
Morn's cloud-buds, look! they swell in the East.  
The rain-cloud parts, Hilo is deluged with rain,  
The Hilo of King Hana-kahi.

Surf breaks, stirs the mire of Pii-lani;  
The bones of Hilo are broken  
By the blows of the rain.  
Ghostly the rain-scud of Hilo in heaven.

The cloud-forms of Pua-lani grow and thicken.  
The rain-priest bestirs him now to go forth,  
Forth to observe the stab and thrust of the rain,  
The rain that clings to the roof of Hilo.

I know one poem in English that in its clear and flashing imagery resembles the passages that we must regard as the best of Hawaiian poetry: that poem is Meredith's "Nuptials of Attila." No Hawaiian poet has been able to tell a story, no Hawaiian poet has been able to give

an organisation to a poem that is at all like Meredith's, but all this is like Hawaiian poetry :—

Flat as to an eagle's eye  
Earth hung under Attila.

. . . . .

On his people stood a frost.  
Like a charger cut in stone,  
Rearing stiff, the warrior host,  
Which had life from him alone,  
Craved the trumpet's eager note  
As the bridled earth the Spring.

It is in an attempt to reproduce something of this clear and flashing imagery that I have made these three pieces.

"Pigeons on the Beach" is an attempt to make a poem in the spirit of the Hawaiian. There are no originals for it. There is an original for the Hawaiian Evening Song, and for the piece that I call "The Surf Rider"; the first is based on the Hawaiian of John Ie; the original and a translation is given in the Memoirs of the Bernice Pauhi Bishop Museum, Volume 6, No. 2, and the second is given in Nathaniel Emerson's "Unwritten Literature of Hawaii," published by the Smithsonian Institute. I have both condensed and expanded the Evening Song, and I have changed the character of the poem that I give the title of "The Surf Rider" to by changing it from a *mele-inca*, a name-song, into a descriptive piece.

There are several words in these pieces that have to be explained: "Tapu" is the word that was written "taboo" by the mariners who first came into touch with Polynesian civilisation. The word means more than "forbidden"; it means "belonging to the gods," and the Hawaiian poet who describes night as being "tapu" is drawing on the same sort of associations as Homer drew on when he spoke of "the sacred night." I have imagined that some sign has been set up to show that "tapu" has been declared, but that is not in the original. Ku, Lono, and Kane are the great Polynesian divinities. In "Pigeons on the Beach" the word "tapa" means the bark-cloth of the Polynesians: white tapa, wrapped around a king's staff, was a sign of "tapu." In both "The Surf Rider" and the Evening Song I have made "Kahiki" into "Tahiti." "Kahiki" is "Tahiti," but "Kahiki" is also a mythical land in the remote ocean: the tapu that extends to Kahiki extends to the furthest place. The wave that comes from Kahiki comes from the furthest place. And the wave has been coming from the time of Wakea: Wakea is the name that comes first in the Polynesian genealogies; the wave, then, has been coming from the furthest place for the longest time conceivable.

## THREE HAWAIIAN POEMS,

### 1. PIGEONS ON THE BEACH.

White like tapa, like the tapa that goes upon the staffs of Kings, is the beach beside the two-hued Pacific.

Pigeons come down to the beach ; they run along taking grains of coral sand into their crops. They rise up ; they fly ; they hang above the reef that the surf foams across.

And beyond is the Ocean. They sway a little way above it. Then they come back across the reef that takes the foam. They run along the beach taking sands into their crops, pigeons that have come down from the dove-cotes behind the orchards.

A wave-break startles them where they run. They rise up. And now they see the dove-cotes beyond the orchards, and they are gathered to them.

But in the dove-cotes, all night they will hear the surf breaking, and they will dream of strong mates and craggy breeding-places and powerful flights that will win to them.

And at daybreak they will go to the beach ; they will run along taking sands into their crops ; they will rise up and they will fly ; they will hang above where the reef gathers the foam.

A little while only they will hang above it ; a little way only they will sway beyond it ; they will come back and take sand into their crops. And as they run along the beach they will not know that the plover and the sand-piper have departed, flying through brightness and through darkness until they find for themselves the atolls and the craggy islets around which ranges the eight-finned shark.

Pigeons that have come down to the beach beside the two-hued Pacific !

### 2. THE SURF RIDER.

From afar it has come, that long rolling wave ; from Tahiti it has come ; long has it being coming, that wide-sweeping wave ; since the time of Wakea it has been on the way.

Now it plumes, now it ruffles itself. Stand upon your surf-board with the sun to lead you on ! Stand ! Gird your loin-cloth ! the wave rolls and swells higher ; the wave that will not break bears you along.

From afar it has come, that long rolling wave ; long has it being coming, that wide-sweeping wave. And now it bears you towards us, upright upon your board.

The wave-ridden waves dash upon the island ; the deep-sea coral is swept inshore ; the long rolling wave, the wide-sweeping wave comes on.



# The Dublin Magazine

Glossy is your skin and undrenched ; the wave-feathers fan the triumphing surf-rider ; with the speed of the white tropic bird you come towards us.

We have seen the surf at Puna ; we have seen a triumphing surf-rider : Na-i-he is his name.

## 3. HAWAIIAN EVENING SONG.

The sign is given ; mighty the sign : *Tapu !*  
All murmurs now, speech, voice,  
Subdue : inviolable let evening be.

Inviolable and consecrate :  
Edgeways and staggering descends  
The sun, rain vanishes ;  
A bonus of bright light comes back.  
Hawaii keeps the ordinance : *Tapu !*  
Even far Tahiti now is still, perhaps.

The Island's shelter-giving houses stand ;  
The Chief withdraws, the sacred cup is his ;  
The mothers call on Kuhe as they give  
Their child to sleep. O early slumber  
Of the heavenly company thou art indeed !  
O Ku, O Lono, O Kane, they are yours,  
The evening hours (subdue  
All murmurs now, speech, voice,  
Inviolable let evening be).

It is evening ; it is hallowed for being that :  
Let tumult die within us all : *Tapu !*  
The spies of heaven, the stars return : *Tapu !*  
And peaceful heaven covers peaceful earth.

(Copyrighted in U.S.A.)

# Sonata.

By ROBERT PRICE.

*Dublin, August, 1918.*

This afternoon something happened which I want to put into words. That is, I want to record honestly, as honestly as possible, my immediate impression of an event that is of importance to me before I cool into a patronising or ashamed indifference to a puerile emotion.

About six-thirty I left Phibsborough to go and see the people in Herbert Park. I started because nothing seemed more intolerable than staying at home. But when I got to the Canal Bridge I remembered that I should probably arrive in the middle of the evening meal uninvited, and that I should either be in time to receive Papa's second sausage or else Agnes would be sent out to the kitchen to boil an egg for me, and there would be an adjusting of plates and cutting of bread and two red spots on Mrs. McDonagh's cheek-bones. So I lingered on the bridge, looking at the wrinkled, shining skin of the water and at the hazy distance; and my mind, as murky and languid as the canal, fell a prey at once to other people's images; I thought of a passage in a slim book I had just read—how another loiterer had leaned upon such a bridge, pursuing the dazzling ribbon of water into its soft horizons, peopling the further bridges with a wraith-like processional of immortals evoked from an idle, aristocratic conceit. Then, inevitably, came the familiar rhythm of:

C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre desir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

But when I realised that my inert mind was swinging on over the rhythm of "*d'hyacinthe . . . d'or . . . le monde s'endort . . .*," I stood up abruptly and walked on. I am always afraid like that of things that are precious to me. They must not be subjected to the wear and tear of thought. They must even be forgotten, so that one may return to them with the shock of new experience. I shall never know, nor will anyone, I suppose, what "*Gray's Elegy*" or the "*Quality of Mercy*" is really like. Schools have done that; they have robbed me of a discovery, of an adventure. I dare not often look upon my reproduction of "*L'embarquement pour Cythère*," because in it is the complete expression of my own nostalgia.

Yet, having hunted myself from wandering among sterile echoes, I had to return forlornly to a world I hadn't made and that was not to my liking. Having passed the canal, I could find nothing to rest my eyes on. The harsh contours of the squat, blatant little houses smote my sight as uncomfortably as a cubist woodcut.

Damnation writ large on the walls of their home,  
Red-brick in a back-street. . . .

## The Dublin Magazine

Half Dublin is dying of conventionalism in red-brick tombs, the other half is dying in tenements, and had better not have been. I, an Ulster Protestant living in Phibsborough, know that the accusation is as true of the Dublin suburban Gael as of the Orangeman; there is more beauty here, but no more appreciation of it; more intelligence, but no better use of it; and here, as there, the primitive desires of the pagan without his purifying freedom. But this is not what I wanted to say. I am shirking it because it will be so difficult.

I turned by the Mater wall into Eccles Street, and saw, closing its vista, that queer little temple devoted to the worship of the respectable—Ariel in bondage to Caliban. That, I suppose, is a “literary” thing to write, but it was what I really did think as I saw it, a sudden clear-cut metaphor, perfectly authentic, and, therefore, I suppose, sounding more incredibly false than anything else I have to say. After all, why do I protest? Because honesty, meticulous honesty, is necessary in every line I write to-night, if what I have to say is to escape being a “pretty story.” I don’t know at what moment I became conscious of someone walking in front of me, slowly. I think my attention was first directed to the figure solely because of its leisurely pace. It was incredible to me that anyone should wish to linger in Eccles Street. I, indeed, was not walking fast, but then I had a purpose in dawdling. For some whimsical reason I did not wish to pass the stroller, and crossed over to avoid doing so. The street was as empty as it usually is, and I could hear the footsteps on the opposite side chiming unevenly against mine. Then I turned into Dorset Street, and was overwhelmed, as I always was, by the misery of its smells, its voices, the flying paper in the gutter and the fly-blown litter in the shop-windows. Two women approached me, one carrying a jug, the other a loaf. In spite of myself I made a relentless inventory of their squalor; the sodden shawls, the bursting, dusty, black bodices, the meagre, sticky hair escaping from the ineffectual discipline of one pin. Their mouths had gone grotesquely awry from lack of teeth. I looked away in loathing, and my eyes fell on the green and white and yellow of a string of postcards in a shop-window, printed with greetings and blessings in phrase-book Irish. I felt a tide of the old, terrifying nausea invading my body, and as I walked on I tried urgently to summon some precious image, some figure of free and wasteful splendour, to rise between me and the tangible world and shut out Dorset Street from my lonely, shuddering mind. At my bidding came a few broken phrases from a poem I had just read:

La feuille morte est morte . . . au point d'en être rose,  
Violette, lilas;  
Et le bois mort est mort . . . au point d'être morose,  
Fatigué, lassé, las.

Les daims blancs sont exquis au point d'être des princes . . .

I know that it has become a habit with me to evoke wraiths of memory from books or music to keep my spirit from drowning in the sea of sordid-



ness that surrounds it: a proud phrase from Keats or Marlowe, a splendid sonority from Virgil, a mere inarticulate rhythm from Shelley or Verlaine becomes to me a precious amulet that has power to keep me sane in a sick world.

In the evening, while my father reads the "Irish Times" aloud, or the interminable chatter of the family circle goes on about me in a room where nothing is either precious or simple, I sit with idle hands, tasting again the "terrible sweetness" of "I sing of a maiden That is makeless," or calling to mind the fragile workmanship of a metaphysical poet who knew how to set in ivory, or enamel, or finest filigree, the strangely-cut jewel of his recondite, fastidious thought.

Through my thoughts tore the grinding shriek of the tram, and I started to run for the corner. I remember distinctly that, when I was seated, my eyes began wandering over the other occupants of the tram, absorbing details that remain perfectly fresh now. There was a very little, very clean old man sitting in the corner opposite to mine; his nervous, bleached hands fidgeted incessantly with his ticket on his immaculate black knees. His jaws, covered with a scanty white beard, chewed without stopping. The pupils of his eyes were milky. Next to him sat a mountain of a woman in black. Her bosom had an almost horizontal surface, immense, constricted, heaving with difficult breathing; her small pudgy hands met with difficulty on the handle of her bag. I looked disdainfully over her, imagining the shapeless masses of tortured flesh when released from their corset; then looked beyond to the third figure sitting motionless. I believe I was sub-consciously aware of this figure all the time, and the leisurely examination of these others had been part of a willing procrastination of something interesting. As I ran down Dorset Street I had known that the stroller of Eccles Street was running behind me, and as I jumped on the tram, a brown hand had reached up and caught the brass rod above mine. I absorbed the superficial details of that figure in about one minute, but my judgment remained suspended. The mere contours of the slender body, the lines of the long cape, the motionless bare hands and tranquil eyes did not seem, as such items usually did seem to me, mere accidents of a meaningless material world, but rather the very real manifestation of an interior personality. Remoteness—that was the first and most noticeable suggestion—remoteness not only from the other members of the tram, but from all worldly relationships and obligations. The freedom expressed in that poise of immobility was a quality I have never before encountered, but only dimly conceived as an attribute of fauns and changelings who know neither love nor duty nor any tie that might keep their feet from dancing to immortal rhythms. This is not a character to be pigeon-holed under the label of some traditional type. How to reconcile the impression of strength and fragility, to accept the evidences of extreme youth in pouting lips and soft white skin, and yet account for the absence of childishness, even of immaturity? I was still struggling to do this when we arrived at College

Green and the object of my attention got out. It was then, when the tram was empty of its presence, that I was aware of the charm; a poor word, but I mean it in its original and only intelligible sense; a spell-like power of imposing suggestions upon me—suggestions of long shadows and long spears of light, honey-coloured mosses, furry heads and pointed eyes—fragrance of a deep summer wood. Yet nothing of the physical sensuousness of a faun—intellectual sensuousness there might be. Writing now, I make a strange, a quite absurd discovery. In my mental processes I have given my stranger no sex. In the swift wordlessness of thought I was not forced to a choice of he or she. But I must admit that, to the ordinary eye, to everyone, perhaps, except myself, she is a “pretty” girl of not more than twenty-two, tall, with peach-bloom skin and cropped black hair turning in smoothly against her neck in a convex curve. But the personality that has possessed my imagination has no sex; it is dominated by the uncompromising neutrality of an imperious intellect; and yet neutrality is a cold and barren word, quite inadequate to describe her; there are no words for such a purpose. I should have to coin new ones; she is, perhaps, a creature of to-morrow inhabiting the body of to-day; an immortal being, choosing to become incarnate in a young girl like that strange spirit that came to wake Pygmalion’s marble.

This is extravagance.

But it is not extravagant to get all this down, because I know that she is become one of my experiences. She has happened to me. Even if I never see her again—and I shall—she will have influenced me on my eternal course. How she is valuable to me, I am not sure. Some way in her unlikeness—is she, perhaps, my anti-self, possessing all that I lack? But what she possesses and what I lack I do not yet know.

*26th September, 1918.*

I have seen my stranger again. I have learned something about her. I was walking on Aston’s Quay with T. M. this afternoon and saw her standing outside one of the bookshops. She was dressed in the same green cloak, and was reading a book she had picked up with the complete, immobility and detachment that I had first noticed in her. T. M. said (I did not ask her) that that was Seana Fieron, and that she “wrote.” I said nothing, and T. M., good Catholic, went on to talk about the future of Anglo-Irish literature and the need for maintaining a high moral standard. I am weary of T. M.’s literary taste, her earnestness, her refinement, born not of subtle but of limited perception, of timidity, not election. I am fairly sure Seana is not “refined.” The thick little volume in old vellum that she was reading when we passed contained, probably, the pungent wisdom of some gross old writer quite unfit for a girl of twenty-two. I am absurdly but entirely convinced that Seana’s literary food is chiefly the classics in the narrower and highest sense—Catullus, Theocritus, Racine, Milton, Shelley—those whose lives were the crucible for the pure metal of their art. I was going to say to T.M. :

"I thought the use of literature as moral propaganda was a Protestant monopoly"; then I remembered that her remarks were not worth answering. Instead, I proposed that we should turn back. I wanted to see Seana again. We turned, and in a few minutes she passed us, strolling indolently and looking like a Renaissance boy, her cape flung back from her shoulders and her hands thrust into pockets beneath her tunic. She might have been the woman Math made for Llew with the strength of the oak in her body and the prodigal sweetness of the broom in her blood; she might have stepped from the Court of Francis I.; she might have been the feminine avatar of some Aengus or Christ, unmindful mortal blisses in her preoccupation of aerial joys; her purposeful eyes were those of a Leonardo or a Montaigne, for ever seeking the core of all wisdom; and if she had drawn a pipe from beneath her cloak and played upon it I might have seen the dusty quay blossom with jonquils and hyacinths and ring with the horny feet of her followers. What is her work like, this nomad of the centuries who has listened to unheard melodies and stirred the dust on unread books?

I have been aware for some time that the only real emotions and experiences of my life are literary ones; I have, I suppose, little power of detached judgment and no sense at all of the remoteness of characters in other centuries or in fiction compared with the proximity of my contemporaries. Indeed, it is these contemporaries who seem inaccessible living by a formula, a doctrine I have but imperfectly mastered. The impact of their meagre personalities upon mine is slighter than that of many well-proportioned and satisfying figures whose portraits I have come upon in quiet books and who have become my friends. I accept the fact that the reading of Seana Fieron's works will mark a psychological epoch in my life.

26th October, 1918.

I have read Seana Fieron's "Tales." I have, in fact, read them twice, being reluctant to commit myself to a superficial and hasty comment. This record is worthless if it is not truthful, and, therefore, I must write down that I am miserable, perplexed, resentful. I am resentful, because, to put it melodramatically, my latest and most precious illusion is irrevocably shattered. Shattered by a little blue linen book of seven brief stories. Stories, indeed, they are not, in the ordinary sense; they have neither plot nor form; they begin anywhere and end anywhere; moreover, there is not a phrase from cover to cover that I can recall for its intrinsic beauty. I cannot find Seana anywhere in them—Seana whom I visioned leaning her ear at magic casements, whose work I doubted not would reveal in rich imagery the contours of an elect and secret Cytherea that would become for me a new retreat.

But the slightest and unloveliest of commonplace themes have served her pen. One tale is little more than a dialogue between two newspaper boys; another shows a middle-aged woman, owner of a Camden



Street public-house in the midst of a meditation upon the commercial possibilities of marriage with her neighbour, a butcher ; the meandering progress of her gross, cautious, huckster mind is presented without humour, disgust, or sympathy, and is broken off without any conclusion ; one gives an elliptical sketch of a cottage interior where a woman baked and scrubbed and suckled her children without lifting her eyes to the peaks of a score of hills rising beyond the half-door ; the most detailed portrait is that of a priest round whom are grouped the shadowy figures of a Dublin salon ; it might have been the most interesting study, but that the author has dealt out the acute remarks of the priest and the fatuous utterances of his satellites with the relentless impartiality of a disdainful creator.

The characters I admit credible, revoltingly so ; the style is coherent and precise, as implacably objective as the news summary of a daily paper. It is adequate to its purpose, which is, I suppose, the best praise one can give it. Each study goes its way through an amplitude of little bare, dry sentences. There is, too, a uniform fineness of texture that is an evidence of competent workmanship. There can be no doubt that a minuteness worthy of Balzac in one passage and rigid economy of all but indispensable touches in another were methods used consciously by the author to attain her ends. But why, why ? Why have these puppets been created ? What purpose do they serve ? What has guided the author in her choice of subjects from which she remains resolutely absent ? What she had attempted she had undoubtedly achieved—her portraits were unmistakable, although painted in every case under an aspect that is discomfortingly unfamiliar. The group of National students, the newsboys, the shop-girl, the priest . . . they are startlingly, disconcertingly real. While I imagined Seana's feet "hastening through a fairy field," she has been finding inspiration at the Pillar, in the Liberties, in Rathmines, among the people and places who, I think, had better not have been. That, of course, is the reason of my resentment. In the choice and handling of her subjects is the implication that the things and people I loathe are worthy of serious artistic treatment—not dressed in the glamour of mud and purple as details of the picturesque, but in their nakedness as human facts. Seana has in some way found acceptable the world against which it has been my care to forge an impregnable armour. These calm, wise, curious eyes have searched without pity, repugnance, or fear, the immediate foreground of her life and found there sufficient material for her purpose. She belongs to that order of artists who are purely creative and non-critical—to whom nothing is common or unclean—who are content to say "life is like that," and hang their wet sheets on the hedges, careless of their fate, once the moment and its mood have been rendered in terms of "beauty" again ? My way of life—and a desperate one—is refusal, hers acceptance. And she has poise, colossal poise, the attribute that makes her at once remarkable. Slim and round-cheeked as she is, she towers

in my imagination as an equable Goddess holding the hemispheres of earth in her calm hands. It is through her that I shall find salvation.

*Paris, October 5th, 1923.*

Seana and I have been sitting for an hour or so in the Rotonde talking to M. Plascensia, who is intelligent and charming, about "Hassan," about marionettes, about Hans Andersen, and about Chinese perspective. That is, I talked, and Seana drew left-handed caricatures of the people sitting about us.

I have a whim to deal kindly with this fragment of a diary which I found the other day written on the yellow leaves of an old exercise book among Greek notes and attempted verse translations from Mallarmé.

I can lay its unhappy ghost for ever by presenting it with that most impossible of all things, a happy ending. Moreover, I feel bound to acknowledge it, for two reasons. The first is that the ignorant, timid, contemptuous adolescent who wrote it is discernibly myself. I have since become acquainted with the work of Tchekov and his disciples, and am, therefore, no longer discomfited by Seana's narrative method. But now Seana, feeling that she has perfected one method, has stopped writing altogether for a time, and no one can know what disconcertingly new forms that brooding, earthlike quiet of hers may bring forth. I am still conscious at times, as I was perpetually then, of having imperfectly mastered the idioms of life. I feel it when ordering dinner in a strange restaurant under the eye of a strange waiter, or when I am introduced to an actress, or when a ploughman or stone-cutter falls into step beside me on a French or Irish road. Seana, of course, is never either afraid or contemptuous of the world, it being her world to make what she will of it. But it is not my world—it is only mine in so far as she has made me a joint inheritor of it. That is the second reason for acknowledging this old diary. It recognised the most important event in my life as such. Seana is the biggest thing that has happened to me. After five years it is more than ever true. Without her I should have been nothing, I should have had nothing. Through her I was reborn. I have walked in Devon and among the Pyrenees with Seana. I have sat with her in the Café Royal, at the Vieux Colombier, at the Café de la Paix, and, throughout a whole night, in a small tavern in Provence while the thunder crackled round us, and Hector and I made the decoration for a play she has yet to write; but it is not this companionship which I count as the greatest thing she has given me. She has given me much—more than she has given anyone else—but she is not made to give herself, and friendship with her is as much a despair as a delight.

As I write, poised high above Paris in my little room near the Gare Montparnasse, I feel on my right, squatting solidly down in the darkness, with her saints and her gargoyles, Notre Dame, like an old, incredibly old, wrinkled grandmother; somewhere on my left the Eiffel Tower

laughs over the city, a flippant and precocious child, impertinent with the new grotesqueness. Between them ripples the gamut of life, rich, passionate, intricate ; and I know that all round me spread the silver, execrable roads of France, and in her harbours are ships waiting to go to all the ends of the earth. Vagabondage. Solidarity. Wisdom of Notre Dame. Montaigne in his tower. The winds of Achill, the cliches of the Dome. Vagabondage of mind or of body or of both. Adventure. Even without Seana. EVEN WITHOUT SEANA. That is what she has given me.





THE GOLDEN PIPER.

After a Wood-cut by

W. G. RAFFÉ.



## Catullus XCVIII.

(Inferiae ad Fratris Tumulum.)

Ró fáda an raon a cuireas díom  
Ar muir 's ar tír,  
Cun raðarc, mo léan, a ó'fagáil ar lic  
Mó bráðar díl.

Onóir do breit is dual do'n éas  
I mbuairt is mian,  
Is labhairt go baot leó' luait 'na cost  
San éluas san éall.

Cinneamain do riar nac romam ataoi  
I gclo do coirp;  
Níor coitrom breit an báis, oón,  
A bráðair díct.

Ac toisc gur naoimta nós na sean  
Is bréagad bróin,  
Seo tabartaisí do'n tairbhse las  
Nac bfaíann a bpóir.

Om' súile is fíor go bfuilto fliuc  
Le síleat sátae,  
S-a bráðair, beir ió' leact go brát  
Deannaet is slán.

pádraig de brún.



## Book Catalogues.

There are few catalogues which I read with greater pleasure than those of Mr. John Grant (31 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh), both for the matter and the manner of presenting it—the pages are so well-proportioned and the type is so fine, large, and harmonious; no skimpiness, no overcrowding, no importunity to purchase. Mr. Grant offers no allurements but quality: not from his lips would you ever learn that Burton's *Anatomy* kept Dr. Johnson up all night.

His last catalogue comprises general literature in English, French, Italian, German, Latin, etc., a fair lot of bibliography, music, natural history, and sport—a diversified collection, and all picked fruit, sound quality, thrust your hand where you will. When he wanders into foreign countries he is very exact in the matter of accent and the other little punctilios they insist on, and, unlike many of his brethren, in summarising a Latin title-page he never drops the keyword of the arch—the little more and what sense it makes, the little less and what worlds away. He has a fourth folio Shakespeare (Herringman, 1685), tall, he says, crisp and not made up, in contemporary oak boards, panelled calf (re-backed), but with the remains of the clasps. The price is £190. I observe a curious book—Dickson: *Therapeutica Sacra*, Method of Healing the Diseases of the Conscience, Edin., 1679, the which if Lady Macbeth's doctor had he might perchance have answered Macbeth more pertinently. There are runs of Montaigne, Shakespeare, Stevenson, W. R. Wilde's "Closing Years of Swift's Life," Author's presentation copy, Dublin, 1859 (9s. 6d.); Colgan and Scully's *Cybele Hibernica*, 1898 (4s. 6d.); Concise Notices of Irish Indigenous Grasses; with 47 dried specimens, 1843 (5s. 6d.).

There are many travel books, including most desirable editions of Coryat, Halkuyt, and Purchas. The general list is so interesting that on looking through it again, I feel like the small boy in the sweet-shop who, when put to his election, plumped for the lot. I believe he was disallowed, but that is not the point.

In Mr. W. G. Elly's (17a Sweeting Street, Liverpool) Catalogue there is one item of outstanding interest: Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," the very rare first edition, 1639, quite complete and with a duplicate sheet E bound in by mistake. He would charge you £25 for that.

Another good miscellaneous catalogue is that of Messrs. John Smith and Son (57-61 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow), and right here I would enquire how many million copies of that collection by ten eminent hands, intitled the "Art and Craft of Letters," bound in three volumes, fscp. 8vo, boards, canvas backs, uncut, were issued, and, in any case, whether they are ever likely to be exhausted.

Messrs. Grant have some interesting association and autograph items of, amongst others, Thomas Bewick, Maria Edgeworth, and one from Arthur Symonds to Elkin Mathews, October 9th, 1906, asking him if he would care "to have for your Vigo Cabinet [Series] a book of verse which is of the most genuine lyric quality of any new work I have read for many years? It is called 'A Book of Thirty Songs for Lovers,' and the lyrics are almost Elizabethan in their freshness, but quite personal. They are by a young Irishman called J. A. Joyce. He is not in the Celtic Movement, and though Yeats admits his ability, he is rather against him, because Joyce has attacked the movement," etc. That is quite intriguing: it costs £2 2s. 0d. There are also runs of Barrie, Conrad, Crockett, Dickens, Egyptology, Folklore, including Rutherford's *Babrius: Mythiambics*, with critical notes, variant readings, lexicon, etc., which we are informed is "an interesting volume . . . suitable for grown-ups

and children," and, indeed, it may be so. There are also Gosse, Cunninghame-Graham, Hardy, some on Ireland, Masfield, etc. In the Reference Books section I observe a "Book of Similes"—*pace* Sir Henry Hadow—(17,000 of them), which is commended by a *dictum*, whether *obiter* or otherwise we are not informed, of Mr. Geo. Moore that "it is hard to find a simile when one is seeking for one"—like deep calling unto deep, in fact : but what would he do if he got into the mazes of the seventeen thousand and they dancing in all sorts of tropes and figures ?

There are also a couple of books by Dr. W. B. Yeats, and one of them—"The Trembling of the Veil"—has evidently found favour in the eyes of Mr. Smith, for "it is well written," he says, and would not let it go for less than two pounds ten.

From Messrs. Maggs Brothers I some time ago received a truly magnificent catalogue of English Literature, so magnificent that it has dazzled, blinded, and confused me. I have, however, been taking a peep at it now and then through smoked glasses, and by the time our next number comes out I trust I shall have so far recovered as to be able to give some description of it.

The last two catalogues of Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell (8 Bruton Street, New Bond Street, W. 1) contain quite a lot of valuable, indeed exceptionally valuable, material. Thus, the Brussels *Don Quixote*, 1611 ; eight first editions of some of Pope's works, one uncut ; Rainoldes' "Overthrow of Stage-Playes," 1629 ; three copies of Thomas Randolph's "Poems," first editions, 1638, one in the original Oxford morocco binding ; a *Réponse aux Questions d'un Republicain*, which would be more interesting if it were a little later than 1663 ; a few of Shakespeare's Plays, sm. 8vo, 1733, etc. ; but I notice no Dublin issues amongst them, whereat I rejoice as being the possessor of some, including the *Merry Wives*, which I flatter myself is still cheap at £30 as of yore. There is also a long list of theatrical books and pamphlets, the rare first edition of Roscommon's *Horace : Art of Poetry*, (Herringman), 1680 ; several quartos of Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Davenant, Heywood and Shirley ; the first collected edition of Jonson, 1616 (but in modern calf) ; a lot of Shakespeariana ; Atkins' "Original and Growth of Printing," 1664, with Middleton's "Dissertation concerning the Origin of Printing in England," 1735 ; Ludovicus Vives' "Very Frutefull and Pleasant Boke called 'The Instruction of a Christen Woman,' made first in laten . . . by the right famous clerke, Mayster Lewes Vives, etc.," black letter, 1540. Lastly, there is the Earl of Westmoreland's *Otia Sacra*, a perfect copy containing the two engraved titles by Marshall, the cuts in the text, the two folding leaves and the two unpagged leaves at end, in the original dark blue morocco : Richard Cotes, 1648. The price of that is £165.

Messrs. Dobell have also issued another autograph catalogue. Some time ago I expressed the opinion that their collections in this kind seemed inexhaustible, and apparently I am justified at least so far. However, to get at the *medias res*, as the man said, you can have an autograph note of William Allingham, 1849, for 3s. 6d. ; seventeen original MSS. of Wilkie Collins for a lot of money, but I would leave these for Mr. Howe ; a most interesting manuscript of Dr. Robert Hervie called "An Helth in a Cup of Wine : wherein is described the Soueraignty and Tyranny of all Kynde of Wynes : drunk to Sr Sedlye late Bacchelor of Art in Joy of his Degree in Learning," etc., dated 12th March, 1611. The author proveth many things *pro* and *con* : hear him : "A moderate quantity thereof drunk doth help concoction, nutrition and generation of blood : a moderate quantity doth clear the wit, strengthen the spirits, make glad the heart, expell fumosities, . . . . . increase natural colour, make fat such as are recovered of sickness : But immoderate quantity

drunk doth make the whole bodye cold, check naturall heat, verie greatlie hurt the brayne, which is the fountaine of the sinewes, and consequently the sinewes themselves : Immoderate quantity maketh men bablers, contumelious, blockish, murtherers, and lecherers : For generally looke what Kyndes soever, being taken into the bodye as nourishment, doth heat it, the same againe you shall perceyve to make the bodye cold, if they be taken immoderately and out of season," etc. All of which is humbly submitted to the candid reader for consideration, and *si quid novisti rectius istis*, you know what to do.

A *Novum Testamentum, versio vulgata*, Anglo-French vellum MS. of the early 14th century, gothic letter, with painted and illuminated initials and grotesque and marginal elongations—splendid!—and with the arms and initials of William Crashaw, the father of the poet—magnificent! costs £38. There is also an original document signed twice by Saml. Pepys ; a volume of "Poems" (18th century), mostly on love, beginning in 1707, with an interesting collection of ladies' beauty recipes, thus, "To curl ye hair," "To take away wrinkles in ye face," "To make ye hair grow," "To take away ye Sun-burn," and so forth, ay, alas ! "the shining gloss that vadeth suddenly."

The Cambridge Bulletin for February, issued by the University Press, came to hand too late for the last number. However, now that it has arrived, I can say nothing better than, and this much I must say, that it is worthy of its source. I see there is a new edition of Barlaam and Yewasef by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, and am much pleased with the reproduction of an ancient woodcut wherein Barlaam is represented pointing to the figure of an idol and explaining to Ioasaph the helplessness of idols and the absurdity of worshipping blocks of wood and stone, and regard being had to the expression of the idol used for the demonstration, I would have no hesitation in agreeing with Barlaam, even without excluding the possibility of undue influence, xylographic or otherwise, on the poor creature's face. I observe the Press now publish no less than fourteen learned journals, and are agents for the same number of the like journals issued by the University of Chicago Press.

A firm which intrigues me much is that of Messrs. George C. Harrap and Co., Ltd. (39-41 Parker Street, Kingsway, W.C.) They catalogue their publications as educational, but they have a great deal of interest for children of a larger growth. Their latest catalogue is very full, and easier to reproduce than to describe. It includes their well-known "Poetry and Life" Series, monographs on the poets, in which the principal work of each is shown as the result of his life ; the "Writers' Library," practical handbooks designed to assist those who live by the pen ; the "Riverside Literature Series," containing, for example, prepared texts of *Ralph Roister Doister*, Chaucer, Spenser, Beowulf, Malory, etc. ; Literary History and Criticism, the "Belles-Lettres Series," comprising such things as *The Pearl*, *The Owl* and *the Nightingale*, Otway, Chapman, Webster, etc. ; the "Industrial and Social History Series," being introductions to things historic and prehistoric. Then they have mediæval history, science and mathematics and modern languages, including the "Bilingual Series," and such books as "Modern French Slang" (2s. 6d.), and "Introduction to Vulgar Latin," by Professor Grandgent of Harvard (7s. 6d.), a subject concerning which I do not offhand recollect any book on similar lines.

---

#### PERIODICALS, Etc.

"The Irish Booklover," to the great alarm of its admirers, fell into a trance some time ago, but I am happy to be able to announce that it has now completely recovered, and may be had in all its pristine vigour for the moderate subscription



of 5s. per annum from Mr. Delmege Trimble, "Armagh Guardian," Armagh. While on the subject of bibliography, I must mention the Irish Bibliographical Society, which is doing a great deal of useful, and as is inevitable in the beginning, uphill work, and which does not seem to be at all as well known as it deserves to be. The yearly subscription is only 5s., and the Hon. Secretary is Mr. F. Blake, National Library of Ireland, Kildare Street, Dublin.

O'Casaide, S., M.A., B.L. : *A Typographical Gazetteer of Ireland, or, The Beginnings of Printing in Irish Towns.* Dublin : M.H. Gill, Ltd., 2s. 6d.

The title of this useful bibliographical work sufficiently explains its purpose. It is erected largely on the foundations laid by Mr. E. R. McC. Dix, which means that it can be nothing less than excellent.

M. J. R.

## JAMES CONNOLLY.

James Connolly was one of the most remarkable who have lived, worked, and died in and for Ireland during the past century. The roll of Irish patriot-martyrs is rich and varied, but it contains very few names so rich in romantic possibilities as that of James Connolly. Only Michael Davitt, perhaps, is comparable with Connolly; the differing circumstances of the two men provide the apparent contrasts in their activities. Davitt was a peasant drawn irresistibly into a Peasant Revolt—Connolly was drawn to the city worker and died in a fight for National Freedom.

Some people who, with only superficial examination of his life and thought, have discovered inconsistency in Connolly will be well advised to study this little book.\* True it is that Connolly was a fervent internationalist; he was never a cosmopolitan. The basis of his internationalism was nationalism, and his nationalism was Irish. He was Irish, Democratic, Republican, and Socialist—it is somewhat difficult to discover whether his nationalism or his socialism held first place in his life, but it is safe to say that they were never widely separated. His nationalism was based upon the people, and upon the people his socialist creed rested also.

James Connolly was born on June 5th, 1870, near Clones, Co. Monaghan. Ten years of his childhood were passed in his native place before hardship compelled the family to remove to Edinburgh, where the father obtained employment with the Corporation. James went to work, at an early age, in a printing works. For eight years he worked in Edinburgh, and then became tramp, navvy, and pedlar throughout Britain. At the age of twenty-one he married Miss Lillie Reynolds, of Dublin, and soon afterwards an accident to his father recalled him to Edinburgh. He took on his father's work in the Corporation. He remained in the service of the Corporation till his activities in the Labour Movement led to the victimisation of his brother. He then resigned and fought to obtain a seat in the Municipal Council. He then thought of emigrating to Chili, but the persuasion of John Leslie sent him to Ireland as a socialist propagandist. In 1896 Connolly and his family reached Dublin, where he founded the Irish Socialist Republican Party. In 1903 he went to America, where he remained for seven years. On his return he worked, as an organiser and propagandist, in Belfast till the Dublin Strike of 1913 brought him to Dublin, and in Dublin he remained till he was executed on May 12th, 1916, at the end of the Rising. That in brief outline is the man's career. But how bald it is

\* James Connolly, By Desmond Ryan. The Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. net.



without the covering of ideas and activities which covered and solidified it. He was a man of thought and a man of action.

Thought led him to action. He had read deeply and pondered long the writings of historians, economists, rebels, and poets—the condition of his fellow-workers was a spur to action. That so much good was in the world, and that the workers obtained so little of it was his recurrent thought. To rectify that state was his objective in life. To obtain for the worker the possibility of health and happiness was the mainspring of all James Connolly's work. The details of that great endeavour are studied with great care and set out engagingly by Mr. Desmond Ryan, who knows the work and who sympathises with it. He also knew the man. To all who desire to know and understand James Connolly's lovable personality, and who desire a full knowledge of his work, this book will be indispensable.

M. A.

## Book Reviews

"YEA AND NAY." A Series of Lectures and Counter-Lectures.  
Brentano's, Limited, London.

This is a most interesting and entertaining book. The articles printed were delivered as addresses, and there is a vivaciousness and spontaneity about them, combined with expert knowledge and fresh thought, that make them a valuable contribution to present-day opinion. Mr. H. G. Wells spoke on "The Teaching of History," and was vigorously criticised by Mr. E. B. Osborn. Two lady novelists of reputation—Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and Miss Rebecca West—debated the question, "Is there any alternative to the sex novel?" Mr. St. J. Ervine and Mr. C. B. Cochran wrangled about "Drama and the Commercial Theatre," and Mr. G. K. Chesterton let himself go in a whole-hearted denunciation of modern newspapers in dealing with the curious subject, "Is Modern Journalism worth the price we pay for it?" A most diverting intellectual tourney occurred when Mr. A. G. Gardiner and Mr. Philip Guedella tilted at each other about "Biographers and their Victims." Miss Edith Sitwell propounded lots of ingenious ideas when speaking about "Poetry and Modern Poetry." She is full of a very English sense of her own importance. "My brothers and myself," she says, "are poets who honour the past as well as the future, and who are writing poems in the tradition of English poetry before Wordsworth." Her survey of modern poets is apparently limited to her own family circle, and possibly a few others whom she alludes to as "my camp" or "the poets of my school." And is not this delicious?—"We are accused of being obscure in our meanings. If it comes to that, Blake's prophetic works are obscure, and what about the meaning of Hamlet? It usually spoils a poem to be translated into other words, but, in the case of every poem I have written, I can explain that poem *if I choose*." One remark she makes will certainly pass without dispute: "I shall read you a few criticisms," she says, "proving that dislike for new beauty which has always prevailed in England." And then she goes on to tell the oft-repeated story of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, and the way they were treated by the critics of their time. And this is a curious sentence: "We know, too, that every sight, touch, sound, smell, of the world we live in, has its meaning—is the result of a spiritual state (as a great philosopher said to me), is, in short, a kind of psycho-analysis, and it is the poet's duty to interpret those meanings." But why interpret an analysis? An analysis should be self-explanatory. And yet the statement is a sort of sign-post that does seem to indicate some conception of a by-way that might

lead to that world of utter transcendental reality which in essence all poets, either consciously or unconsciously, are always seeking.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

**THE GOLDEN HIND.** 'A Quarterly Magazine of Art and Literature. Vol. 2, No. 6. 6s. January, 1924. Chapman and Hall, Ltd., London.

This is the title on the cover. Inside it is called "A Quarterly Magazine of Art and Letters." The index shows ten headings called "Literary," and no less than thirty-two classified as "Contributions by Draughtsmen and Calligraphers." The draughtsmen supply lithographs, pen drawings, woodcuts, and linocuts; the calligrapher, H. Hamp, the titles to the stories and articles. The magazine is very well printed and produced on excellent paper, and the art contributions are interesting as showing the varied effects that can be obtained in black and white. They are weird, grotesque, ugly, depraved by turns, with here and there a simple and pleasing study as the cocks and hens by Panlémile Pissaro and "Half-timbered Houses" by A Ward. Edith Sitwell's study, "Undergrowth" is a story of much power, with an ending of intense and dramatic psychology. It spreads itself over a period of about thirty-three years in the lives of two sisters. It is very unpleasant, but full of a bitter penetration and understanding of joyless life. "Resolution," by R. Arnold Price, is a rather pitiless, but cleverly written, sketch exposing feminine nature in its weakest and most vulnerable aspect. "My own Country," by E. L. Grant Watson, begins splendidly, but peters off into commonplace descriptive matter, and the writer fails completely when he comes to deal with "the revelation of nature" from his own homeland in England. Mr. Arnold Bax, in his poem "Shipton Gorge," also lapses most deplorably into the commonplace when he writes about England. What could be more prosaic than this—

"Down to the valley and over the brook,  
Into the meadows and over the stiles,  
I went on my way through the glory of June with |  
A heart that was happy for England."

We are not used to such mild and passionless compliments to our motherland in Ireland. The other poems are all much better, and capture and express genuine poetic feeling.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

**"UNDREAM'D OF SHORES."** By Frank Harris. Grant Richards, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

The stories in this book of short tales that strike me most vividly are: "A Chinese Story," "In Central Africa," and "The Temple to the Forgotten Dead." I know nothing of China or Africa. But something tells me that there is more than mere imagining in the two sketches dealing with these countries. I think I shall always for the future find my thoughts of these places coloured by memories of what I have read here. It is a great achievement for a story writer to give such huge places as China and Central Africa a definite niche in the mind of the reader, and to fill it with a recognisable image. But the real Frank Harris is, I imagine, to be found in "The Temple to the Forgotten Dead." This is not a good story so far as form goes. But it is rich in many other qualities. I wish he could have subdued it to more pleasing proportions. For it is that rarest of artistic things—intellectual fantasy. I like particularly his description of the English painter whose friends had got him put into a lunatic asylum. "No persecution," he says, "no prison, no want of

sleep, no strait-coat had any effect on me, for I have been an artist in England." There is a world of revelation in this sentence that only the understanding mind can fathom. Mr. Frank Harris aims high. He does not always find his goal. But anyone who values force, originality, and perception in literature will find this book well worth reading.

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

TO-MORROW ABOUT THIS TIME. By Grace L. Hill.

London: Lippincott. 7s. 6d. net.

The colours used to paint the young lady who is the mainstay of this novel are laid on with a broad brush, and even so, Miss Athalie-Jezebel lays on more. She is an appalling example of how not to be at fourteen years of age, and whenever she acts, she does so with promptness, vehemence, jazz dresses, and a pantherish ferocity. The effect of this apparition on a literary father, who has not seen her since she was a baby, and who has to face the prospect of taking charge for life, of this tempestuous petticoat, and the varied life he leads while the course of taming proceeds, makes an entertaining story, though I have much sympathy for wild creatures finding themselves under the restraint of others of their family group who are content to lead a simple, hen-like existence.

The author gives us some amusing pictures of life in an American country town, and there are lovable characters to meet as one travels along the track of Athalie's flaming course. The end is somewhat sudden, and I cannot believe that it was really the final collapse of such a store of animal spirits.

The reader will find much entertainment in this study of a painted whirlwind and its peaceful resolution into a calm.

SPOOKY HOLLOW. By Carolyn Wells. London: Lippincott. 7s. 6d. net.

The satisfaction of the average human being in noting the slow but sure fixing the guilt of murder, if possible (and murder of a weird type would be preferred), and in unveiling before a select audience the real blackness of one who has been throwing confetti at them, at intervals for months, is a shade less ghoulish than some of the emotions attributed to the murderer displayed.

But being a profitable kink in human nature, where brother man is concerned, there are hosts of "detective stories" always awaiting those who have fed the above-mentioned side of their nature.

Sometimes an author strikes a new vein underground, or if not new, bearing in mind what the Wise Man said as to the improbability of anything new occurring, it is a pleasing variation in the method of detection, and a little more is added to the fascination of hidden crime. One writer made a speciality in blending a cunning criminal and an equally elusive detective into one person. Another gives you the privilege of being with the criminal while he decides to "crime," and then shows you the web being wound round him.

But "Spooky Hollow" is of the orthodox school, and you are kept quite out of it, your uneasy suspicions are ignored, and you have to crush another kink, that of running ahead and satisfying your mind by setting it at ease with a sight of the last chapter. The surroundings of the tragedy are described with much distinctness of detail, so that the reader is agreeably entertained before the element of mystery holds him fast. In Homer Vincent the author has made a clever study of a man with a mask of control, who is not really master of himself, though he insists in ruling the lives of all those around him, and who avoids



betraying himself, not once or twice, by retiring to the organ-loft in his music-room. The interest is well held to the end of the book.

A. K.

PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF ZACHY TRENOY. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. London: Christophers. 5s. net.

The ancient wisdom is still to be found in the lands where the Celt halted from his wandering, and the wall is thin in places that separates the material things in their outer form from the inner planes where they take their birth and live on after they have vanished out of the daily ken. Lord Lytton refers in "Zanoni" to this "wall placed between man and the unseen, merely by different modifications of matter," and it is part of the make-up of the Celt to have a keen sense of the thinness of this wall at times.

Zachy Trenoy, of the village of Reeth, in the countryside of Tre, Pol and Pen, falls through one of these thin places on a starlit moor, searching for his sweetheart Jane, and he falls into Jericho, in the days when Joshua was camped about it (as is written in the Chronicles of Israel). Zachy was pisey led, and his doings on the fair-ground, together with all the familiar men and women who were fairing with him, on the day that he lost himself, appear again, in a queer, twisted way, in Rahab's inn 'in Jericho.

The local minister, who now lives as Joshua, appears with the whistle with which he started the village sports, and it is the hymn-singing of his choir that brings down the famous walls. Most of the local shop-keepers of Reeth are there in the inn, and later in the story Zachy meets them again in different guise, when he has been found, and come back to daily life; and he marries Rahab, who is now Rachael, the innkeeper.

With so much history repeating itself in such bewildering fashion, poor Zachy is reduced to the condition that—

When Zach rose up the folk were scared  
To see how comical and wild he stared,  
And hear him talk as if he didn't know  
Which place was Reeth and which place Jericho.

He was living under the weight of the knowledge that "That which has been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun"—maybe he had never thought it could be meant literally.

There is great suggestion in this delightful history of the old belief that the life of a man consists of many chapters, but one story, and that the moral is plain after each chapter is ended, and sets the key for the next. The telling of Zachy's pilgrimage, or part of it, is charmingly done by Mrs. Manning-Sanders, and her verses flow with all the variety of rhythm that accompanies a mountain stream in its journeying—now deep and slow, and again dancing and rippling with a shorter lilt as it leaps over a pebbly shallow.

Once appears a ragged man with an ass, who stays outside the chapel windows and knocks, "for he's a tale to tell." It is the voice of a homeless, wandering pilgrim, who pleads the brotherhood of man against the selfishness of the conventional church-goer:—

I say there is no bread blessed  
That is not shared,  
I say while one goes lacking  
There is no praise heard  
In Heaven. God is mocked!  
By the prayers that are said  
With half the world a-crying  
For daily bread.

Mrs. Manning-Sanders writes as she sees, with clearness and with a power of description that does not fail her, and she suggests, in strongly-sketched lines, pictures full of vivid personalities, and breathing rich atmospheres of sun-baked East and scented, starlit moors, whose memory lingers after the story is finished, and refreshes the enchanted reader.

**A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FIRST EDITIONS OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED**  
 BY WALTER CRANE. By Gertrude E. C. Massé. London: Chelsea  
 Publishing Co. 1923. 7s. 6d. net.

A wonderful record of accomplishment is this account of some of Walter Crane's work for humanity—for the artist is, after all, one who holds in trust for the great brotherhood his keener vision of the beauty of the world—and well did this gentle-minded artist redeem his trust. I said "some" of his work, remembering that, in just forty years, he painted, in addition to doing much book work, 198 canvases, which were exhibited in the Galleries, and we are at present only concerned with his books.

He believed and taught that Art should be part of the daily life of the working-man, and not only the privilege of the wealthy. What more natural, with this outlook on life, than that he should turn his early attention to providing beautiful books for the little children of the race?—and his work opened long-closed windows to thousands of marvelling little eyes. In twenty years from 1865 he designed fifty picture books for children, and in many of these the letterpress was also his work—he was a great preserver of the unities—and in addition there were sixteen books by Mrs. Molesworth illustrated by him.

Several books on Art for students, two of them with nearly 300 pages in each and fully illustrated; much elaborate book decoration, some of it in collaboration with William Morris; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," in three volumes, representing three years' work—by these are some of his years represented, and this bibliography tells of much more. In paper, type with spacious margins, it is a pleasure to the book-lover, while the portrait of the artist, after that by G. F. Watts, is a beautiful example of well-finished reproduction. The publishers and the Westminster Press, who printed the book, have my congratulations on their excellent production.

ARTHUR KELLS.

**RULERS OF FRANCE: AS THEY ARE.** French Political Portraits. By X.  
 Translated by Winifred Katzin. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

Though these portraits of the men at the top in France are obviously drawn by someone behind the scenes, on the whole they are based for their data on the public actions of the different subjects. The mere names of these subjects will give a fair index of the extent of the ground they cover: Clemenceau, Caillaux, Jonnart, André Lefèvre, Loucheur, Georges Mandel, Millerand, Painlevé, Tardieu, Anatole de Monzie, Viviani, Briand, Poincaré, Barthou, Bérard, Foch, and Maunoury; these are only some of the men whose features this anonymous publicist limns for us.

The style of the portraiture is forward, firm, nervous, pregnant, at times epigrammatic, with a real flair for the *multum in parvo* phrase. Here, to wit, is his résumé of the sketch of Caillaux: "A scullion Coriolanus, he descended ever towards relationships more and more base, with secret financiers, spies, agitators, enemy agents, and, like Shakespeare's Coriolanus, he might have said 'my affairs . . . are servanted to others.'



'Mind you have nothing to do with that crowd,' his father had said, speaking of the conservatives, and Joseph Caillaux had obeyed. He frequented the company of Lipscher, Minotto, Bolo, and Almereyda instead."

Highly appreciative these political essays are in the main, yet at times they can be very bitingly depreciatory. This is the irony he pours out on the big politico-business magnate, M. Loucheur :

"The scope of his interests embraces motive power, electricity, steam and petrol ; fertilisers and phosphates, railways and locomotives, agricultural machinery, factories and their products, all on an ever-increasing scale, enormous, unlimited, in France, in Europe, in the world, in the sky, and in the infinite multiplication of worlds and in the infinite multiplication of skies."

He is strongly nationalist in his sentiment, this political critic who hides his personality under an asterisk, but by no means chauvinist or Anglophobe. Here is a sentence from his admirable description of the present French premier :

"He is a man whom one might describe as strangled with scruples. No man living has less regard to his own personal profit, so much is a matter of proverb : during his presidency he used to send in care of the Department of Public Charities, for distribution amongst the poor, presents that he received and had every right to keep for himself."

It is a bright book on the whole : it keeps you in touch with the principal individualities now making history in France.

PETER McBRIEN.

## LETTERS FROM W. H. HUDSON. Edited by Edward Garnett.

Nonsuch Press, Limited. Edition. 25 shillings.

This, one of the beautifully produced books of the Nonsuch Press, contains 153 letters from the late W. H. Hudson, naturalist and master of English prose. They range in date from 1901 to the year of Hudson's death, 1922. Hudson's correspondent is Mr. Edward Garnett, of the distinguished family of scholars and men of letters. Hudson was an unsuccessful author for the greater part of his life ; he must have been over fifty years of age when, assisted by Mr. Garnett and others, he got a footing in the world of publishers and reviewers in London. It was not quite a suitable world for a child of the Pampas, and here and there throughout the correspondence one detects a note of protest, as though good friends had placed Hudson in a false position. Mr. Garnett says that his heart "oscillated between the poles of two forces, the human and the wild." "His heart, the most deeply human of all men's I have known, made any little drama of life absorbing reality to him ; on the other side, his free, untamed spirit, the hunger of his senses and spirit for Nature and his passionate affinity with the 'earth life' bade him cast off as a burden our crowded streets . . ."

The letters will be something of a disappointment to admirers of the author of *Green Mansions* and *Far Away and Long Ago*. There is too much London in them, and it seems incongruous that Hudson should even have been aware of the existence of Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc, the coffee-house wits of to-day, the literary snobs, Gosse and their reviewers. One had thought of him as living a life apart from the professionals. It is, of course, interesting to hear of what a writer of such marked individuality thought of his contemporaries ; and Hudson's judgments on literature were marked by good sense, e.g., the comments on Doughty. But the best letters are those in which he describes his little tours in England, with observations on nature and on the life of homely



It appears that Hudson took a sort of interest in politics. And in what politics, do you think? In those of Ulster! Had age not prevented him he would have been at the side of "Galloper Smith" in 1913-14. Perhaps he only talked in this way as a sort of foil to the political seriousness of his correspondent who was apparently a pacifist and humanitarian. But he genuinely hated the "rotteness" of "everlasting peace," and looked on the Carson of 1913 as a saviour of the heroic qualities. When a man like Hudson, apart from politics, with a well-occupied mind and the master of a happy art, talked like this, one begins to wonder whether the war which actually came may not have been the expression of a general will, and not the responsibility of politicians, kings and emperors, as is rather superficially assumed.

J. M. H.

RAINN AGUS AMHRÁIN. Éamonn Ó Tuathail, M.A., do chuir in eagar. Brún agus Ó Nóláin, Teor. Leath-choróin a luach.

Dánta is eadh iad so do bhailigh an t-údar i dtuaisceart Chúige Laighin, agus i gCúige Ulaidh thoir (Carsonia, slán beo mar a n-innstear é), agus do dhein sé leabhar taithneamhach dhíobh go deimhin. Ní cheilfead gurab é an chuid is mó thaithneann liom féin ná na dréachta ar a dtugtar Trí Rainn agus Amhrán. An amhránuíocht choitcheann atá sa leabhar, is ro-choitcheann atá sí i nGaedhilg na h-aimsire seo.

Ach tá na rainn thar bárr. File go mbéadh rudaí doimhne eagnaidhe le rádh aige, sin an chuma cheart dó. *Gnómaí*, nó tuairimí saoithe, do thabharfadh na Gréigigh ortha. Éist le conus a cuirtear meidhir an earraigh agus gnuaim an daill le chéile sa chéad rann:

Fáilte don éan is binne ar chraoibh  
labhras ar chionn na dtor le gréin;  
damh-sa is fada tuirse an tsaoghail  
nach bhfeiceann í le teacht an fhéir.

Nó le comhairle an fhile chéadna, Séamus Mac Cuarta, do chailín a bhí ag caoineadh peata luin:

Ó ghreadadh lámh 's ó shileadh rosg,  
glac-sa tost an luin úir;  
a nighean áluinn Chuinn Uí Néill,  
fá bhás d'éin ná fliuch do shúil.

Agus d'éirigh le Mac Cuarta, leis, draoidheacht a chur ins na línte fadanálacha, línte mar

Go bhfeicinn ar uaigneas uaisle an duilleabhair ag fás;

nó,

Fuirigh mar táir, is fearr é. ná imtheacht le baois.

Ach ní bheinn ag tabhairt cothrom na Féinne do'n údar dá ngoidinn a sheoda san áit seo. Táid go flúirseach sa leabhar. Níor ghá dhó a leathscéal a ghabháil toisc ná fuil "caise na gcó-aideacht" ann. Cé gur Muimhneach mé féin, táim tuirseach de'n chaise chéadna:

Ní le báidh mo bhreith mar sin,  
ní sonn acht fear mar chách san gcás-sin.

Éinne a chuireann spéis i bhfilíocht na Gaedhilge agus gur mhaith leis í do shábháil ó ghliogaireacht na bhfocal, ceannuigheadh sé an leabhar so. Tá an cló maith agus an luach go measardha. "Go mairidh tú an chraobh, a sgrúdhóir phrímh-cheart an bhéarla Scotíc."

PÁDRAIG DE BRÚN.